Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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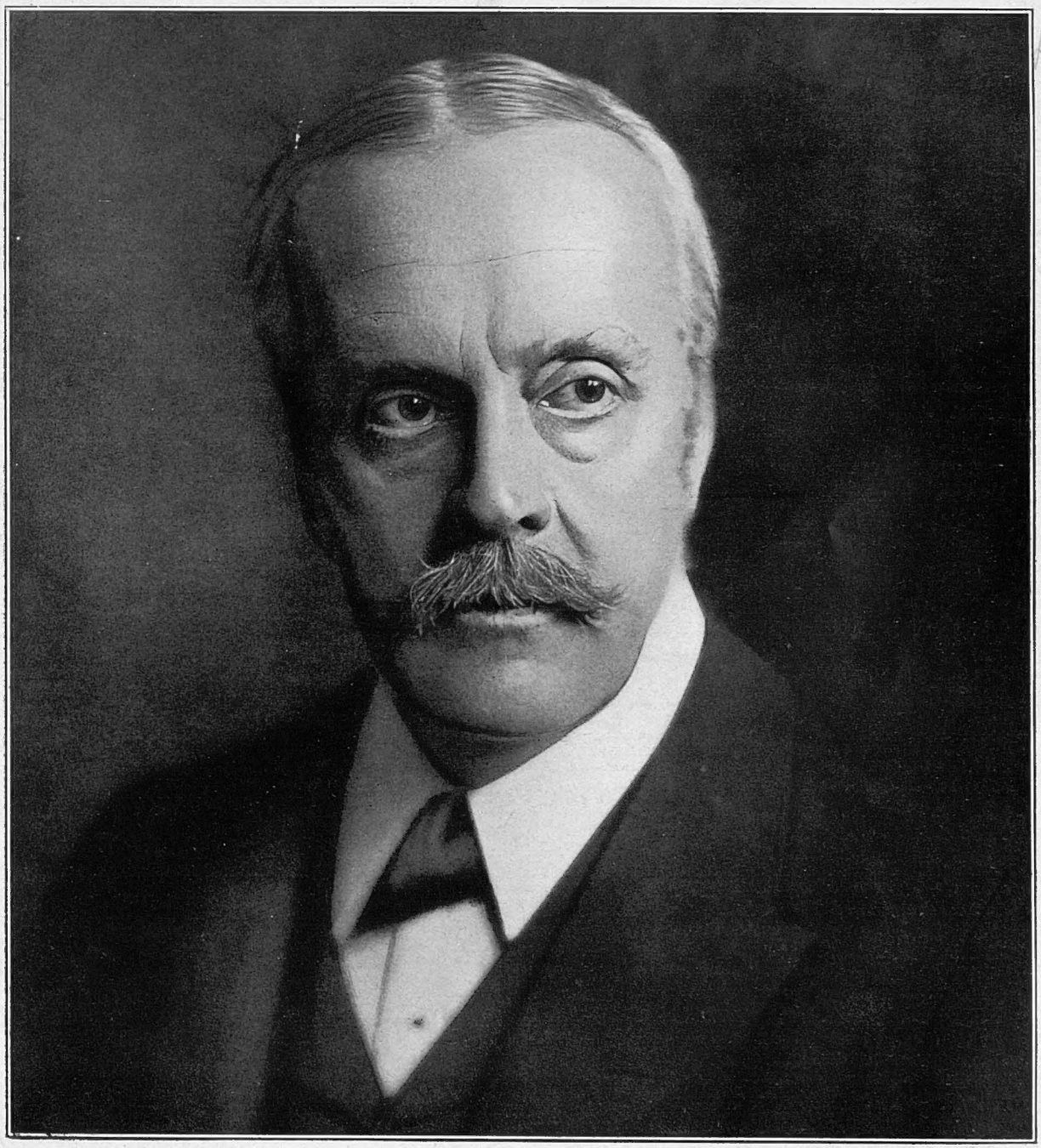

Photo by H. Walter Barnett

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. BALFOUR

No. 78.—Vol. VI.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

"With the Russians in Manchuria." By Maurice Baring. (Methuen: 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Memoirs of Constantine Dix." A Novel. By Barry Pain. (Fisher Unwin: 3s. 6d.)

"When a Girl's Engaged." By Hope Merrick. (Chatto and Windus: 3s. 6d.)

"The Evolution of an English Town." By Gordon Home. Being the story of the ancient town of Pickering, in Yorkshire, from pre-historic times up to the present day. Illustrated by the Author. (Dent: 10s. 6d. net.)

"Paris in Pen and Picture." By John N. Raphael. (Published by Messrs. Brentano, Paris; London: Messrs. Bumpus, New Oxford Street.)

Novel Bridge Competition.

CHANCES FOR BEGINNERS

Money Prizes Every Week.

SEE PAGE VIII.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

May 31, 1905

PROTECTION AND THE UNEMPLOYED

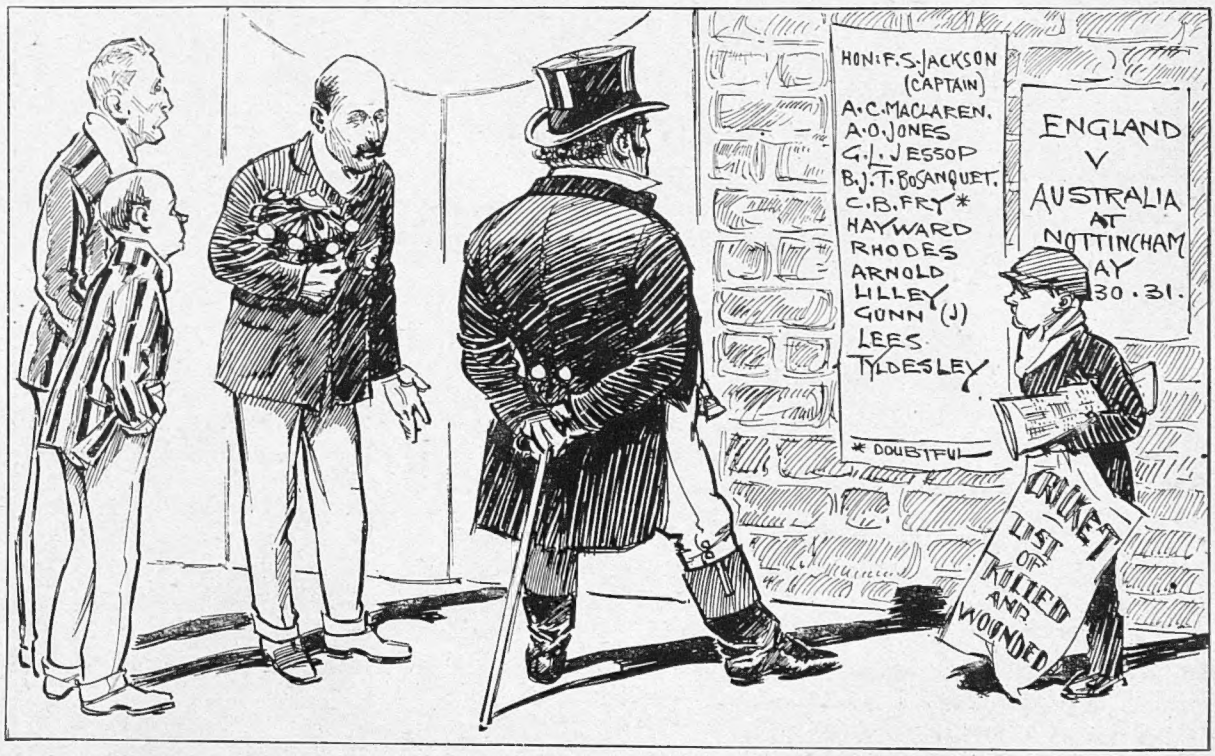
Fiscal Reformers are, invariably, very fond of adducing the want of employment as one of the leading arguments in favour of planking a duty on foreign imports to this country. It is a specious argument, and without any real truth, for, to take America, the Mecca of the Protectionist, as an example, we find the poor are infinitely more poor, and the ranks of unemployed even more congested than they are here. The true cause of unemployment is the dearth of money, and the dearth of money is owing to the vastly increased taxation which we are groaning under. The ordinary normal expenditure of the nation has risen forty-eight millions a year since 1895, or, in other words, while the annual expenditure has increased by over fifty per cent.—for in 1895 it was under ninety-four millions—the population has increased by eleven per cent. In addition to this huge increase of expenditure, the National Debt has been added to by 225 millions spent on the Boer War.

* * *

To draw the conclusions from these facts, that the state of the labour market suffers from the people not paying more for their food than is the case now in return for the persons who are now in employment having to pay more all round in order that some of the unemployed may find jobs, cannot but show individuals who reason thus to be either intensely foolish or intensely ignorant. The wealth of this country has been seriously curtailed by its diversion to the National Debt. Let us take an analogous case to simplify the argument. We will suppose a man, with a certain income, rents a house that is beyond his means, and the payment of the rent becomes so serious a matter that he cannot afford to clothe his family or live in comfort. Would the problem be solved if he saved a few pence a week, let us say, by purchasing New Zealand mutton instead of English? No. Obviously, the only way for him to become prosperous is to rent a less imposing residence. So with us. The nation cannot afford this huge expenditure, and retrenchment is the only way to solve the labour question. Our national expenditure must be brought back to the state of finance in 1895. Otherwise, the army of unemployed will grow, and, eventually, we shall become bankrupt.

* * *

In the above paragraphs we have not attempted to argue Tariff Reform *pro* or *con*. That is not a subject we need discuss now, for we have previously expressed our views plainly on the subject. Our contention is, that Free Trade or Protection has no effect,



MAY THE BEST TEAM WIN

J. B.: "Very good! Very good indeed!! Hope they'll play up to their reputations"

MILLENNIUM MEMS.—No. 6

"The 'air, sir, is getting a bit thin on the top. Now, I have a preparation—but there, sir, I can't conscientiously recommend it. Besides, thin 'air suits you, sir, 'pon my word, it suits you"

or, at the most, but a slight effect, on the question of unemployment. In fact, we doubt if it goes to the root of the question even as nearly as a contention of the irrepressible "Marmaduke" in *Truth*. He states that competition is a new circumstance in the commercial life of this country. Our position as a comparatively small island caused us originally to build ships and sail to remote parts, and so early we were successful traders. But now England has to meet competition on equal terms, and if we have not the application, enterprise, energy, and originality, we must inevitably be beaten.

THE OUTWORKS OF "MERRIE ISLINGTON"

We congratulate the L.C.C. on their foresight in converting Rosebery Avenue into something like the above, just when the Military Tournament is drawing all London to the Agricultural Hall

We can give an instance of foreigners gaining our markets, which has lately been brought home to us in a very striking manner. If there is one trade in which we should be pre-eminent, it is in game requisites. Until two or three years ago firms like Messrs. Slazenger and F. H. Ayres held practically a monopoly between them in the supply of the world. Yet there are two firms in Paris alone which can now make tennis racquets at least equal, if not superior, to anything that these firms can put on the market. Messrs. Mass, one of the two firms, believed that the best policy was to turn out an article that could not be bettered, and to charge a reasonable price for it. They have now succeeded in making a market for their goods, not, mind you, in Cochin China or some far-off dependency of France, but in England. In the course of another few years, unless our manufacturers look to their laurels, it is quite possible that another market will be lost to us.

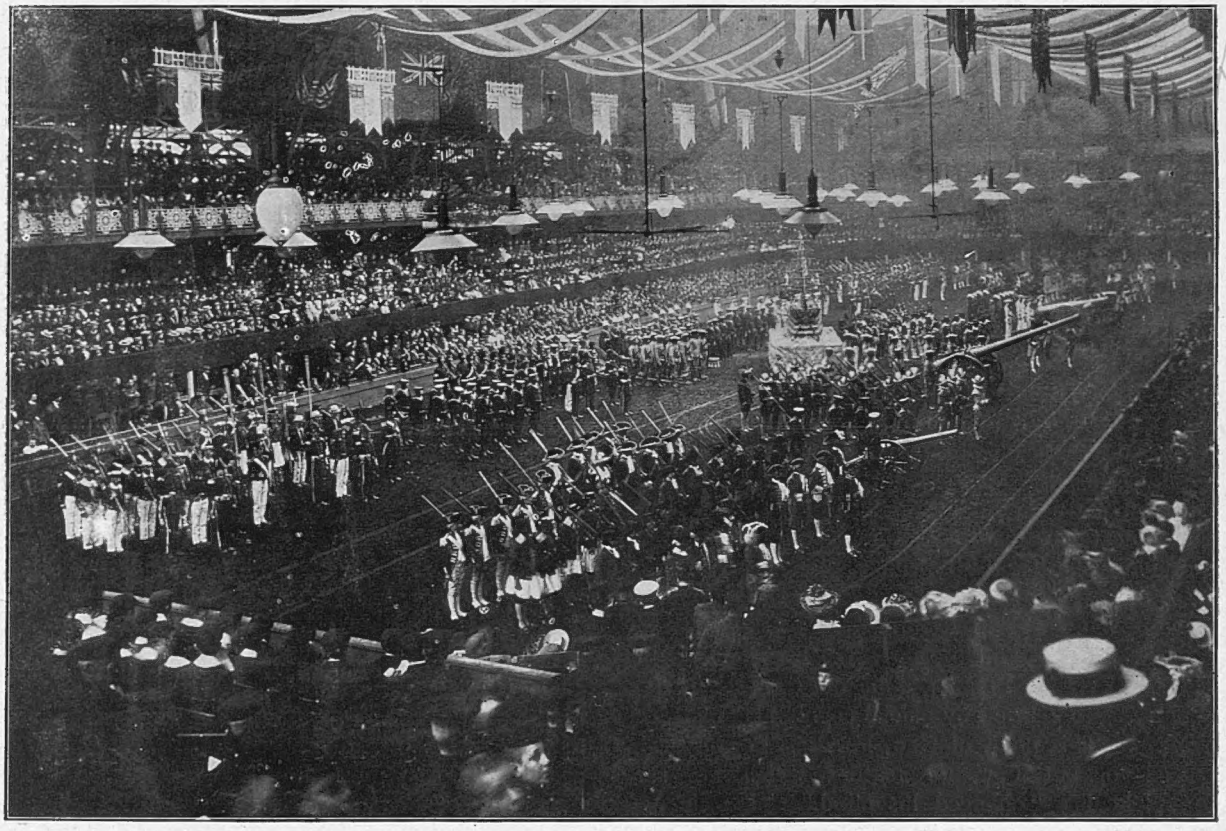


Photo by *C. Vandyk*

The Naval and Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall

RAMIE?

What is Ramie? We have been favoured with a long and enthusiastic letter on the subject from a Mr. Edwards Radclyffe, who, after pessimistic references to the cotton crops, concludes in this wise :—

> It follows, therefore, Ramie must be a boon to all the textile trade, and as the world's population increases faster than clothing material is grown or produced, it will prove an all-round blessing to mankind. The Germans and French are alive to its possibilities and even coquetting with our Colonies for supplies to find their way to foreign looms. It undoubtedly is an opportunity for Colonial Enterprise, ours should be a self-contained Empire. There is nothing required for our consumption, use, or manufacture, our Empire cannot produce, why depend on foreigners for our supplies? Enquire within for Everything, and, what is more, see we get it, should be our motto. Here's an article, clothing for our people, we could supply the world. Wake up John Bull, Ramie is knocking at the door, admit it to the economy of our Empire and add vast wealth to our Manufactures and Agriculture to say nothing of the boon, blessing, and benefits to our people. *Floreat* Ramie !

Although, perhaps, the grammar is a little defective, it seems to us that such an invaluable article as Ramie should not have its light hidden under a bushel. Ramie, it appears, is the fibre of China grass, a plant of the nettle family, and is used in the East for ropes and cordage, and for cloth in China and Japan. What Mr. Edwards Radclyffe's incentive is to write in this flowery manner about Ramie we cannot pretend to know; but we are sure his pessimistic references to the cotton crops are particularly ill-advised at the present juncture. Only recently, cotton growers in parts of America were destroying portions of their harvest, owing to the tremendous crops raised, and the consequent cheapness of the commodity. Also, the growth of cotton in our Colonies and in India is receiving great stimulus. It would be interesting to know what this enthusiast on the subject of Ramie means when he says, "admit it to the economy of our Empire." We should say that there is no one preventing its admittance to the Empire at the present moment, but whether its admittance would prove to be to the economy of the Empire is another question. Judging from the fact that cotton is grown in the Empire and that Ramie is not, we are rather disinclined to be influenced even by the patriotic rhetoric of Mr. Edwards Radclyffe.

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

The Attack on the Premier

The daily papers, if one is interested in politics, make very curious reading if there has been a scene in the House of Commons, for they never approach their subject direct. There was a scene last week. Needless to describe it, beyond remarking that the Debating Chamber became, for over an hour, a little more noisy than the famous Pit of Chicago is said to be. The next day, the Liberal organs explained their views on the scene. Mr. Balfour, they said, had broken his word. An adjournment of the House was moved to discuss his personal honour. The present Government was elected to finish the business of the Boer War, and yet Mr. Balfour now proposed to lend his prestige as Prime Minister to enable the Colonial Conference which meets next year to discuss the question of Tariff Reform. The country is against Mr. Chamberlain on Tariff Reform, said the Liberals, and the only possible alternative of the Conservative Premier, if he does not go to the country, is to refuse any official cognisance of Tariff Reform. This point of view, Mr. Balfour previously agreed to, but now, for reasons which are surmised, he has "changed his mind." Thus he was savagely attacked by the Opposition, headed by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, on the personal grounds that after promising one thing, he was going to do another.

After the scene, the Conservative papers were very aggrieved. The obstructionists—the Opposition—had attacked the Government, and would not listen to their defence. They ignored the line that Mr. Balfour's personal honour was at stake, argued that the Government was being attacked, and asked why should Mr. Balfour reply to an attack until he had heard all of it. Plain men must regret the sophistry that holds so prominent a place in the present Parliament. The straightforward way of looking at such a matter as this seems to us to be this: Did Mr. Balfour make a compact, and then break it? If so, was the attack on his personal honour justified or not? And, in any case, yes or no, since an attack was made, why did he not answer it?

Photo by *Adèle*

Archduke Franz-Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria, and his wife, the Princess of Hohenberg

Heir to the Hapsburgs

Considering his exalted position as heir to the throne of Austria, the personality of Archduke Franz-Ferdinand is not a familiar one to the readers of English journals. Yet, in his own country the Archduke is distinguished, not alone as heir to the countless territories owned by the House of Hapsburg, but by those gifts of diplomacy and preseverance on which Austria wisely reckons as the surest safeguard of the country. Without undervaluing the military capacity of such a cavalry tactician as the Archduke has proved himself to be, there is no disputing the horror of war's carnage which he shares with his venerated uncle, Francis Joseph. The energy with which he works for the industrial and educational development of his future subjects is a sufficient indication of his trend as a ruler, and the daughter of Count Chotek, his chosen helpmeet, is a clever and enthusiastic aid. This winsome Rachel of an Imperial Jacob is at present the happiest wife and mother in the vast realm of Austria-Hungary. Her rare tact and modest dignity have succeeded in conciliating the most hostile elements, and the difficulties of her position have melted under the charm of that sweet nature which attracted the Archduke at their very first interview. It was at the palace of his cousin, Archduke Frederick, that the Heir to the Austrian throne made the acquaintance of his future wife. From the frequency of his visits the host and hostess inferred that he was attached to one of their own handsome daughters, and the puzzle consisted in divining which of the two elder girls was to be the future Empress of Austria?

The Archduke's Bride

Great was the consternation when it became evident that the sympathies of the Archduke were entirely concentrated on the modest lady-in-waiting, a Bohemian Countess, who had been from childhood the chosen playmate and friend of the Archduchesses. In spite of her retiring disposition, she was peremptorily dismissed, under suspicion of having encouraged the attentions of Archduke Franz-Ferdinand, but this error was subsequently recognised, and she was recalled to Presburg Palace.

A Modern Jeanne d'Arc

"Return to us, dear child, and leave all in God's hands," wrote the Archduchess Isabella.

For five long years the Archduke urged his suit on the Emperor Francis Joseph, and at last succeeded in obtaining the promise that, if he waited one more year, there would be no longer any obstacle to the union, all idea of which he had originally been commanded to banish from his mind. During this year of probation every influence was brought to bear, in order to induce him to change his mind; but the high-born dames eligible for the Imperial Crown left the Archduke cold, and the Emperor finally acceded to the wish of the faithful lover.

While debarred from assisting officially at any State functions, the Archduke's wife exercises no small influence in Court circles. The Emperor himself pays her frequent visits, and makes a point of giving her the first place in private family gatherings. Meanwhile, the honours of the Burg are reserved to the Archduchess Maria-Josepha, wife of the Crown Prince's younger brother, who is the first lady at the Court of Vienna. The Princess of Hohenberg is deeply religious, and the high standard of morality (involving a somewhat unpopular, rigid attitude in social questions) adopted by her husband since his marriage has been justly ascribed to her influence.

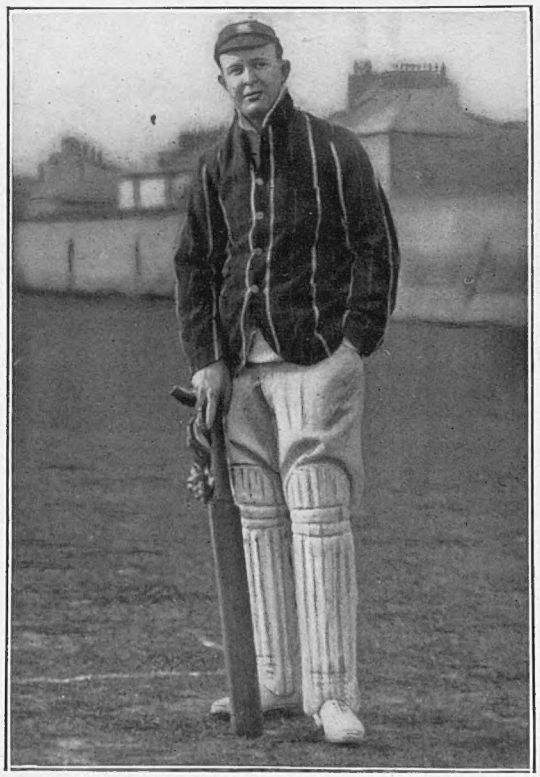
Miss Henrie Van der Hoven

A young Boer singer, who was to have led a force of Amazons against us in the war, but now contemplates a more peaceable introduction to the English people at a concert at Queen's Hall

Miss Henrie Van der Hoven

Do you remember the talk, during the Boer War, of the regiment of Boer Amazons who were going to drive the British Tommy into the sea? They were all crack shots, said the special war correspondents, commanded by a young woman of extraordinary spirit and courage, who would lead her troops as Joan of Arc led the French, and free her country from the hated dominion of the English. This rhetoric, curiously enough, had a certain amount of truth in it, although the regiment of Amazons was not formed, and we were not driven into the sea.

This modern Jeanne d'Arc was Miss Henrie Van der Hoven, whose father, Alderman Van der Hoven, is one of the wealthiest and most respected of Johannesburg Boers. In South Africa, among her people, she is known as Het Dockter van Zang, "The Daughter of Song." She was taken a prisoner at Durban in 1901, and was kept in a concentration camp in East London for a year, and has written a book of her experiences as a prisoner,



Mr. P. F. Warner

Middlesex cricketer of renown, who, to the regret of the parishioners of St. Mary-at-Hill, was unable to be present to read the lessons on a recent Sunday

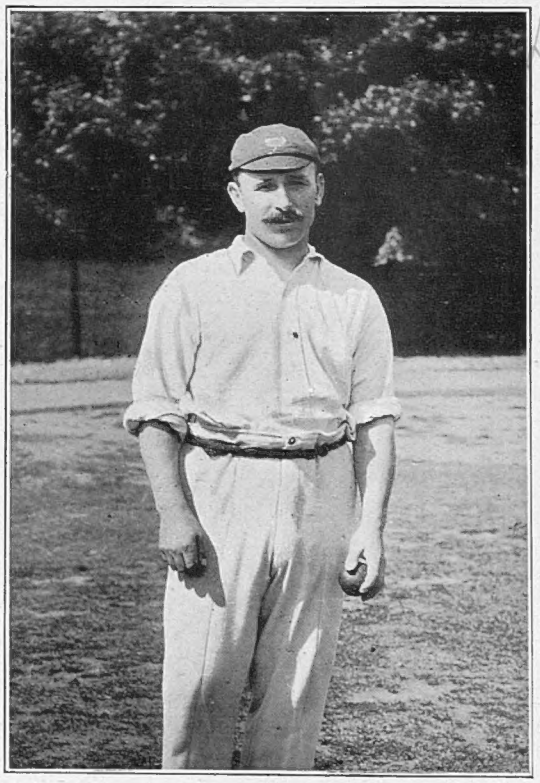


Photo by *Foster*

G. H. Hirst (Yorkshire)

England's best all-round cricketer, who has been left out of the first Test Match, owing to an injury to his knee

"Plum" Sunday at St. Mary-at-Hill

together with her views of the war in general. But Miss Van der Hoven has now arrived at years of discretion—she is just twenty-two—and has abandoned her bellicose career for a more peaceful avocation. The Boer phrase, "A Daughter of Song," is not without truth, and, having been studying music for the past couple of years in Paris, the young lady is going to conquer the Britons by her voice. On June 9, she is appearing at Queen's Hall, and everyone who knows her believes she will cause a sensation, for her voice possesses a very remarkable

Photo by *Lemeilleur and Co.*

Miss Patience Seymour

Who understudied Miss Isabel Jay in *Veronique*, and is now playing in *Lady Madcap* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre

timbre. She is very popular among her circle of friends in Paris, and she is assured of a welcome here, and success, if she sings half as well as her Parisian friends say she does.

Mr. P. F. Warner and St. Mary-at-Hill

The Rev. W. Carlile is one of those modern thinkers who does not hesitate to adopt new methods when the old are exploded. He has recognised the difficulties which hedge the question of attracting people to church, so, instead of ringing a mournful peal of bells and waiting for a congregation to come, he has gone out to meet them half way. He believes in making church-going attractive. In pursuance of this policy, he has organised from time to time special features for the service. The phonograph, the magic lantern, the popular preacher, have all been pressed into the service of this up-to-date divine. The latest "draw" to the well-known church at St. Mary-at-Hill, as arranged by its incumbent, was Mr. P. F. Warner, and general regret was experienced by the congregation, when the famous Middlesex amateur failed to put in an appearance to read the lessons. The Rev. W. Carlile has before now rewarded his parishioners by the presentation of appropriate gifts of provender. Thus there have been Egg Sundays, Pudding Sundays, Fruit Sundays, and what not. It was no little disappointment to the parishioners of St. Mary-at-Hill that "Plum" Sunday failed to realise.

Mr. Charles Allom

The name of Mr. Charles Allom deserves to be ranked with the names of Dipœnus and Scyllis of old as introducing a revolution in the world of sculpture. The last two gentlemen, who flourished in the early B.C.'s—about 568 B.C. to be precise—were the first artists who sculptured in marble and polished their works, all statues previous to that date having been made of wood. Mr. Allom has made another departure possible by means of his discoveries of marble of a rich blue, and of other colours rarely to be met with. One wonders now how soon the day will come when an American artist, with misplaced ingenuity, will send over a sculptured seascape in blue marble, with inlaid wavecrests and clouds. The great use to which the

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffmann*

Mme. de Cisneros

Who made her début in England, in *L'Amico Fritz*, at the Waldorf Theatre last night

discovery is to be put, is, of course, the art of decoration. There is more than a tinge of romance in the story of the find. While in Canada, on her tour with the Prince, the Princess of Wales was presented with specimens of coloured marble, among which was the rich blue variety, known as sodolite. The Princess desiring to have some of this peculiarly rich marble used in the redecoration of Marlborough House, asked Mr. Allom whether more could be found, and then commenced a search which lasted over eight months, and ended in Mr. Allom, and a mining expert who was assisting him, discovering a large and valuable tract of coloured marble quarries. Another source of supply of white marble was also discovered, and this will be welcome news to

The Discoverer of Blue Marble

artists, as the supply hitherto has been confined to the marble quarries of Carrara in Italy, and Vermont, U.S.A.

Mme. de Cisneros

The season at the beautiful Waldorf Theatre has opened most auspiciously, with its alternate evenings devoted to the opera and to the repertory of the great Italian actress, Signora Duse. Conspicuous among the long list of prime donne engaged for opera is Mme. de Cisneros, who made a favourable impression in *L'Amico Fritz*, and whose portrait we give.

Miss Dorothy Beale

Englishmen and Englishwomen have a right to feel proud of Miss Dorothy Beale, of whom a bust was unveiled by the Dean of Durham, at Cheltenham College, on Saturday last, on the occasion of the jubilee of the College. Miss Beale has devoted the whole of her long life to the education of girls of the upper class. Gifted with a distinct sense of humour, she is fond of recalling the following nonsense verse, said to be the effort of an irreverent student:—

> Miss Buss and Miss Beale
> cupid's darts do not feel,
> So different from us Miss Beale and Miss Buss.

Miss Beale, Head of Cheltenham Ladies' College
A bust of Miss Beale was recently unveiled by the Dean of Durham

Sir Martin Conway

Sir Martin Conway, like that other knight explorer, Sir Harry Johnston, is also a Liberal and an artist. Although the atmosphere of politics proved too rare a one for Sir Martin Conway, it is, perhaps, the only atmosphere that has baffled him. Unsuccessful in contesting Bath in the Liberal interest in 1895, he has traversed the Alps from end to end, and breathed the still rarer atmosphere of the Himalayas, on the top of a peak 23,000 feet above sea level. He has been in more out-of-the-way spots than almost any other explorer, and has also written about them in a manner which must have been highly approved by our foremost literary body, the Society of Authors, for he was three times elected their chairman.

Photo by Illustrations Bureau
Mr. Chas. C. Allom
Who has discovered, in Canada, some remarkable blue marble quarries

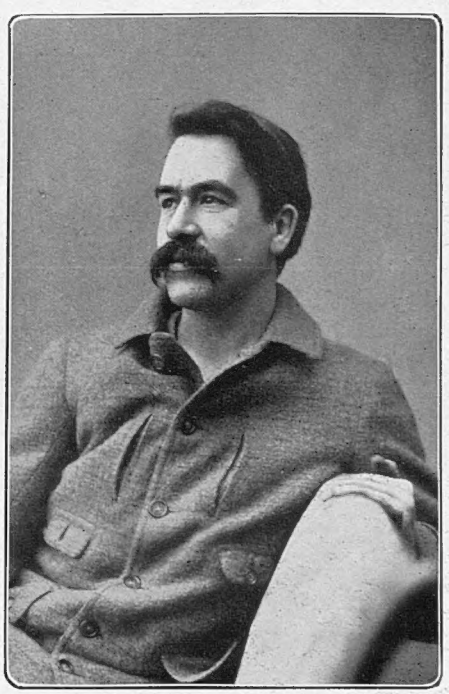


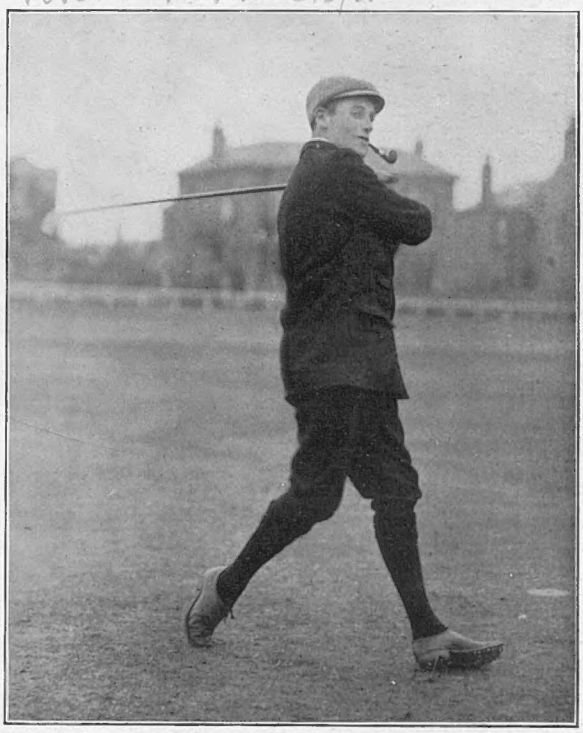
Photo by Cameron Studios
Sir W. Martin Conway
The famous artist, author, and explorer, who, rumour has it, is about to undertake another expedition

The Amateur Golf Championship

Nothing seems to come amiss to his pen. He has written on the Woodcutters of the Netherlands in the fifteenth century, Albrecht Durer, and Climbing in the Karakoram Himalayas. He is still but a young man, being barely fifty, and is one of that long list of famous personages who crossed the Atlantic for a wife. Nothing is more indicative of his tastes than the list of clubs to which he belongs, which includes the Athenæum, Burlington Fine Arts, Cosmopolitan, Alpine, and Automobile. We understand that he is shortly to undertake another expedition to survey some hitherto unmapped territory.

The Hon. Osmund Scott

The Hon. Osmund Scott, the runner-up for the Championship, whose finished style of golfing was so much admired at Prestwick, is a son of Lord Eldon, who was an interested spectator of the play on the Ayrshire links. Mr. Scott was born in 1876, and educated at Winchester College. He developed his game on the famous Royal North Devon links, where he has secured no fewer than twenty-five medals. Is plus one at St. Andrews, and carries heavy penalties at Sandwich, Westward Ho, Burnham (Somerset), Sunningdale, Cheltenham, and Biarritz.



A. G. Barry, the winner of the Amateur Championship

Mr. A. G. Barry, Amateur Champion

From his being so closely identified with St. Andrews, it was generally assumed that Mr. A. G. Barry, the winner of the Amateur Championship, was a Scot, but, as a matter of fact, he was born, in 1885, in Cornwall, although educated at Clifton Bank, St. Andrews, and St. Andrews' University. He has a typical St. Andrews style and has the clean-cut appearance of a good athlete. For his weight, he drives a very long ball. He has done four under fours for the first nine holes at St. Andrews, and last year recorded seventy-three for the full round. He is a scratch player at the Royal and Ancient and St. Andrews University Clubs.

Photos by *Baker and Dixon*

Amateur Golf Championship at Prestwick: The Hon. Osmund Scott at the fourteenth hole

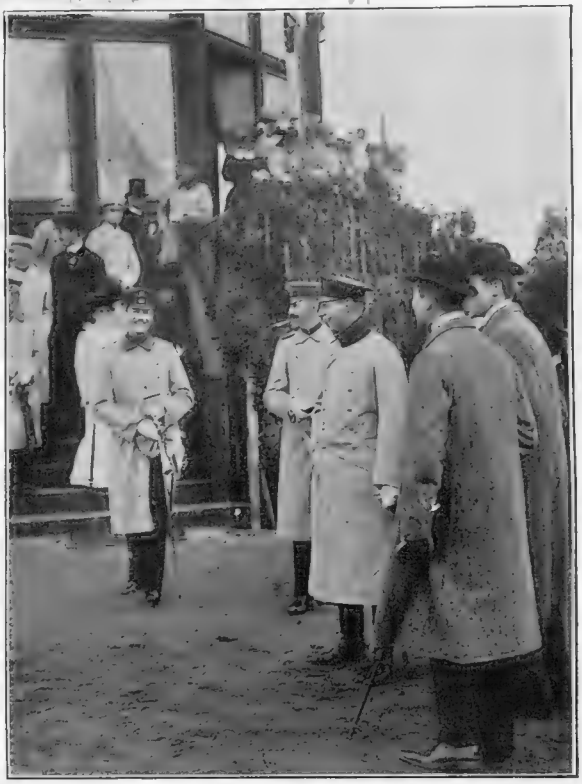
The "Concours Hippique" at Berlin

THE CROWN PRINCE AND OTHER ROYALTIES ENJOY THE PROGRAMME OF EVENTS

Special Panel German P5.

The Crown Prince and the Prince of Thurn and Taxis

Hurrying to get a view of an exciting race



What is the joke?

Whether it be a witticism, or the unfortunate plight of a brother officer who has had a spill, the Crown Prince joins heartily in the general laughter

Photos by *Underwood*

Duke Von Alvensleben courteously salutes a lady who has thrown him a bouquet

Random Jottings

A Martinet

General Linievitch is reported to have hanged one of his men for having lost his rifle and not knowing what regiment he was attached to and exactly where he was. "Such ignoramuses," he said, "are only fit for carrion." This heartless pronouncement has, naturally, caused a good deal of anxiety to some of our younger war correspondents.

Puzzle—Find Them

It is particularly hard at a time when almost anyone might be excused for not knowing where the various Russian regiments are. The Japanese are famous for their secretiveness, and never let out details of this kind until their plans have matured. Then, as a rule, the Russian regiments are in some other place.

This—or That?

If Linievitch has been —as a Russian subaltern alleges — penetrated by the spirit of the Japanese, an interesting speculation arises as to what he will do after the next battle. Will he commit hari-kari; or will he merely attribute the results to the greatness and omniscience of the Tsar?

CONSOLATION

"Weel, weel! If I'd no broke the club, I micht ha' lost the ball!"

A Narrow Escape

It is lucky for Admiral Rohjdestvensky that he did not attempt to outrage the neutrality of American waters in the Philippines. The Americans understand how to stop this sort of thing better than the French. There can be little doubt, that had the Admiral attempted to anchor there, he would at once have been interviewed. As he has not done so, the causes of his nervous depression are still to seek.

The New Yes

The *Daily Chronicle* maintains that the simple English affirmative is becoming somewhat battered, and that the present tendency among the educated is to adopt the American variants upon the word. "Yep" and "Yah" are the ways in which an American says "Yes": and personally we have a conservative preference for our own word. That is, however, by the way.

An Illustration

If the educated Englishman insists, no doubt the Americanisms will come to stay. Then we shall have something of this sort:—

An M.P.: "Can the right hon. gentleman say if it is his intention to authorise Colonial Representatives to discuss preferential trading with the Mother Country?"

The Prime Minister: "Yah!"

Educated people may be adopting the word; but we cannot help thinking that at present such a reply would annoy some Members, almost as much as no reply at all annoyed them last week.

A Novel Suggestion

A correspondent writes to us: "Why do literary men have all the advantages? I am thinking particularly of the poet Browning, who climbed to fame simply by the assistance of the Browning Societies. It seems to me that Mr. Balfour, also a profound—but obscure—thinker, would be greatly helped by some similar means. Could you not propose some plan by which this great thinker and politician could be made clearer to the man in the street?"

"Balfour Societies"

The idea of a series of Balfour Societies—for the elucidation of the Prime Minister's speeches —is certainly not without ingenuity. One such Society—under the Presidency of Lord Esher—might devote itself to the editing of Mr. Balfour on Imperial Defence; several societies might spend a good deal of time in making obvious his views on Economics. They should, of course, be non-political and without party bias, but of sufficient influence to be able to extract answers—upon difficult

The Naval Exhibition at Earl's Court

IMPRESSIONS BY NORMAN MORROW

subject-matter—from the Master himself As our correspondent remarks: "Liberals try to, but they don't succeed." That is true; but the question is —would anybody? Politicians are not always as anxious as poets to be rescued from obscurity.

More Answers to Correspondents

(With acknowledgments to The Country-Side*)*

A Golden-Crested Eagle

It was certainly a bit late, "Raffle," to see the golden-crested eagle in Tooting, as it seldom makes this part its habitat after April 1. No doubt, however, the practice you mention, of leaving a can of milk on the front-door step, attracted this handsome biped. We do not think, however, it is likely to build in your lilac.

A Capital Dog-Story

The Irish wolf-hound story you sent us is a capital one, and has appeared in the *Spectator* and elsewhere at intervals for the last fifty years. May we suggest that you call the noble animal a pug in your next version of the story; or—if he must, indeed, have saved your two grandchildren from drowning—a Newfoundland would do?

A Remedy

The bright-coloured fungus (Jones, Broxbourne) which you say that you found in Epping Forest, and partook of, together with your family, is, judging from your description of it, pithax venenosa, a highly poisonous toadstool. We recommend you to call in the doctor at once, if it is not already too late. It is sometimes used in making a dye.

A Bald-headed Coot

We are sorry to learn, Eva, that the common coot, which has lived on your pond at Bognor for so many years, is now going bald, as it must be painful to you to see such an old friend losing his plumage. Tatcho, of course, might be tried; but we cannot accept your theory that the dry spring is responsible for the loss. Age is the more probable cause. It makes a good many bald-headed coots.

An Adaptive Canary

The intelligence of birds in adapting themselves to circumstances is often amazing; but we cannot help thinking that, in the case of your canary, which—you say—is rapidly assuming the colour of the ordinary linnet, the dealer has had something to do with it. The colouring of birds for market purposes is, unfortunately, not unknown in this country.—Tiny, Westgate.

Teaching a Rabbit to Sing

No doubt, this art could be taught, as the dealer who sold you your Angora said. But it would need patience both on your part and the rabbit's. Perhaps it would be cheaper, in the long run, to buy a gramophone, Miss Letitia Grant (East Ham), especially as you are so fond of music.

Hints to Young Botanists

Don't place too much reliance, Smith Major, on the glowing reference to the flowers in Kew Gardens. They are well enough in their way; but, then, so are the keepers. The penalty for botanising in these Gardens makes the game, in fact, hardly worth the candle.

Photo by *Russell*

Craig-y-nos, Mme. Patti's beautiful Welsh Palace, which is again in the market

This beautiful estate is situated in the Vale of Tawe, one of the most picturesque parts of Wales. The first attempt to dispose of it some four years ago resulted in a fiasco. A gentleman made a bid of £50,000 for it, only to retract it a few minutes afterwards with the explanation that he had been carried away by the eloquence of the auctioneer

AWKWARDLY EXPRESSED

MOTHER-IN-LAW *(winding up gloomily)*: "Ah! Mr. Sniggers, when I'm gone, even you will miss me then"

SNIGGERS: "Yes, I was just thinking what a huge loss it will be for us"

DRAWN BY E. S. KLEMPNER

Blanche-Marie Michu

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffman*

Miss Adrienne Augarde, who is playing "Blanche-Marie," one of the two Little Michus, at Daly's Theatre

The success of *The Little Michus* was foretold by everyone who had heard M. Messager's enchanting score of *Veronique*. Much of the success of the piece is due to the manner in which the two little Michu girls, Marie-Blanche and Blanche-Marie, are played by Miss Mabel Green and Miss Adrienne Augarde respectively

Points from the Playhouses

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

Lyric Theatre

"HAMLET"

Another Hamlet! The public ought to store up the different interpretations of this ever-fascinating character against the time when the inevitable reaction takes place, and the Shakespeare boom is recalled as a tender memory. This may sound like the gloomy prognostication of a pessimist, but good things do not last, especially in the world of the theatre.

Mr. Martin Harvey is an actor whose work is so thorough as always to compel attention. His work bears the stamp of earnest thought, so that one expected to find this seal upon the stage character which, above all others, yields to but three methods of attack—thinking, thinking, and again, thinking. If thought alone could win success, his Hamlet would have been something more than interesting. That it does not rank higher, is due to the fact that in Hamlet, Mr. Harvey is attempting a rôle not well suited to his personality. In striving to reach his ideal of the character, he is led unconsciously into over-emphasis—into exaggerations of voice and gesture.

Mr Martin Harvey as Hamlet

Starting at too high a pitch, he is physically incapable of keeping to the key. Before the play is half through, he has reached his climax, and has nothing in hand for the rest of the journey. His voice gives evidence of strain, and for fear of losing ground he cannot wait upon himself, like one who is confident that he has plenty more stamina remaining.

To adopt a simile from the sport of motoring, there are plenty of "controls" in the part of Hamlet. The quick action of the play is frequently checked by the self-communion of the principal character. From violence he sinks to moods of gloomy introspection. There is the relief, too, afforded by the scenes in which he feigns madness. It was a pity that Mr. Martin Harvey was not able to take advantage of the lights and shades, and that his canvas should have been so shrouded by the deepest tones.

An admirable feature of the production is the restoration of the scene directly following the death of Polonius, when the King taxes Hamlet with the disappearance of the Lord Chamberlain. This scene finds Hamlet in his most sardonic humour. Moreover, the decree of banishment is better heard upon the stage than taken for granted.

Reference has already been made in these columns to the simplicity, from the player's point of view, of the rôle of Ophelia. One big chance in the mad scene and no more. Miss N. de Silva was quite equal to the opportunities afforded her.

The engagement of Mr. Stephen Phillips for the Ghost made an interesting prefatory note to the production, but it cannot be said that the poet-dramatist made a very successful reappearance as an actor. His Ghost was deliberate to the point of tediousness, and we can forgive a ghost for any quality rather than that of tediousness.

Mr. Charles Glenny, fine actor as he is, gave a powerful rendering of the King, and Miss Maud Milton repeated the artistic performance she gave at the Adelphi Theatre. Mr. Harry Paulton is quite an amusing First Gravedigger. It was pleasant, too, to note the facility with which the veteran Mr. Fred Wright, sen., took up the new rôle, to him, of Polonius.

Drury Lane

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

Another emotional "first night," whereon the shouts and rounds of applause which greeted Becket were repeated when Shylock made his entrances and his exits. It seemed that the audience would never tire of expressing, not alone their admiration of Sir Henry Irving's talent, but also their personal love for himself. It was a pleasant task to analyse the applause, and find no note of pity in it; no suggestion that the enthusiasm sprang from tender memories of the actor's past greatness, as there might well have been had the recipient of this ovation shown any signs of failing power. So far was this from the case that on all sides it was remarked how clear and resonant was the actor's voice, how firm his grasp of the character. The Shylock we saw was the Shylock of ten, of fifteen, of twenty, of thirty, years ago, according to the age and experience of the

Photo by [*Nadar*

Mme. Réjane

Who will open her London season at Terry's Theatre on Monday evening, June 5, in *L'Age d'Aimer*, a new play by Pierre Wolff

beholder. The rôle is one in which the actor touches most frequently, perhaps, the bounds of his talent. With incredible swiftness he rings the changes on the many-sided temperament of Shylock. He is magnificent in his rage, contemptible in his sycophancy; sardonic, he compels our laughter; forlorn and beaten by his enemies, he fills us with pity.

It is impossible to take one's gaze off this supremely compelling figure. We look for his entrances and regret his exits. We cannot have too much of him. The support given to the Chief was good. Mr. Gerald Lawrence made a picturesque and plain-dealing Bassanio. He was straightforward and obvious as is the character.

Mr. James Hearne was a dignified Antonio, the expression of whose grief had the real touch of sincerity. And Portia? Miss Edith Wynne Matthison played the character according to her capabilities, and, it must be confessed, according to her limitations. For once comparison must be excused. She gave no indication of the bubbling spirit of merriment with which Miss Ellen Terry infused the character. But her reading, though subdued in tone, did not lack the womanliness and tenderness which the rôle demands.

E. C. S.

Great Queen Street Theatre

"THE PALACE OF TRUTH"

If the repertory theatre were in need of justification, no better argument could be brought forward than Mr. Philip Carr's admirable programme at the Great Queen Street Theatre. Mr. Carr's choice of plays, ranging as it does from Elizabethan drama to Gilbertian comedy, does not lay itself open to the charge of appealing only to one section of playgoers, but must, by its very catholicity, appeal to everybody. Mr. Carr's revival of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Palace of Truth* last week was in every way a success, though, judging by the first night, it emphatically deserves a fuller house. We say it, without reserve, that no play running in London at the present time is funnier. Produced for the first time some thirty-five years ago, one traces in such alliterations as:

Lapped in a lazy luxury of love,

the first fruits of that genius which was soon after to produce the finest comic operas in ours or any other language. The eleven characters in the play were well sustained by Mr. Carr's company. Mrs. Theodore Wright, as Queen Altemire, played with a spirit which must have pleased the veteran author, under whose direction the play is produced, and Miss Maud Cressall gave a rendering of the artless character of Princess Zeolide, which was notable for its good taste and restraint. Mr. Carr's next production is Webster's tragedy, "The Duchess of Malfi," and this will be followed by a Haddon Chambers' comedy, "The Tyranny of Tears."

The Continental Season

Those who have advocated Cosmopolitanism in the drama for so many years must be gratified by the extension of what may be called the Continental season in London. Signora Duse is now in our midst. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will be seen at the Coronet, Mme. Réjane at Terry's Theatre, while Mme. Le Bargy will shortly appear with Mr. George Alexander in an adaptation by Mr. H. Melville of M. Alfred Capus's powerful play, *L'Adversaire*. Mme. Le Bargy's dramatic talent was first discovered by her husband, referred to in Paris as "the elegant, the ineffable M. Le Bargy," one of the first *sociétaires* of the Comédie Française, and one of the first masters of the Paris Conservatoire.

Photo by *Boissonnas and Taponier*

Mme. Simone Le Bargy

The noted French actress, who will shortly appear, with Mr. George Alexander, at the St. James's Theatre, in *L'Adversaire*

FROM ABROAD.

Ascension Day at Venice

At noon on Ascension Day, and for seven days after, the vast square in front of St. Mark's, Venice, is a scene of great animation. For on those days, as the clock on the great clock-tower, to the right hand of the Cathedral, finishes striking twelve (the strokes being hammered on the bell by two giant figures in bronze surmounting the tower), a clever piece of mechanical ingenuity is displayed to the eyes of the admiring Venetians. Three parts of the way up the tower, just below the great winged lion (an emblem found in every part of Venice), a large niche contains a statue of the Madonna and Holy Child. On each side of the niche is a gilded door. As the last stroke of the hour sounds, the door on the left opens, and four figures come forth—representing the three Wise Men, heralded by an angel, wand in hand. With dignified precision, they march in front of the statue, pausing a moment to bow to the Madonna and Child, and enter the door on the right, which at once closes behind them. The piazza is always full of townspeople and visitors, who stroll there to see the sight. It is pretty to see the mothers holding up their babies to catch a glimpse of the moving figures. The photo shows the door on the right open, with the last two figures entering. The flag on the left of the picture is one of three, which are hoisted in front of the Cathedral on festivals. The lofty flagstaffs, planted in richly decorated bronze sockets, have their origin in the time when Venice, as a Mediterranean power, ruled the three subject kingdoms of Candia, Cyprus, and Morea. To the right of the building is seen a narrow street which is the entrance to the *Merceria*, the part of Venice where the best shops are to be found. The streets in and about the *Merceria* are very narrow and intricate, and are usually much crowded.

Photo by *G. L. May*

Ascension Day in Venice: Waiting for the figures of the Magi and the Angel to appear from the "Torre dell' Orologio," in St Mark's Square

Coming out of the Cathedral of St. Mark's, on looking to the right, one sees the building shown in our illustration—the *Torre dell' Orologio*, or clock-tower, so called from the dial in the centre, which is resplendent with gold and azure, and decorated with the twelve signs of the Zodiac. The crowd are waiting on the famous Piazza of St. Mark's to witness the Adoration of the Virgin and Child by the Magi, a ceremony carried out by means of ingenious mechanical devices every year on Ascension Day, and the seven following days, exactly at noon

England and Afghanistan

FRIENDLY RELATIONS—INTERCHANGE OF COURTESIES

The Premier by a recent speech gave impetus to two questions of Imperial Defence—the invasion of England, and the invasion of India—which never fail to rouse the nervous interest of John Bull.

If that speech had been delivered prior to the present struggle in the Far East, when the Russian Bear of our imagination was perpetually on the growl and on the prowl, apprehension on the score of an invasion of England would have been swallowed up in the general discomfort produced by the more imminent danger to our Indian Empire.

That comment on the speech should have been almost equally divided between the two questions is a potent sign, among many, that the claws of the Russian bear have been effectually clipped by the Japanese. Russia is certainly not the bogey she has been, else she would have obsessed the public mind, after such a speech as Mr. Balfour made, to the exclusion of the almost ridiculous question of an invasion of England.

H.H. Habibullah Khan, G.C.M.G., Amir of Afghanistan

At the present moment, Anglo-Afghan relations, according to Mr. Louis Dane, head of the recent Mission to Kabul, "continue friendly." The object of this Mission was a discussion of the obligations contained in the engagements made by England with the Amir's father. Habibullah appeared quite willing to confirm the old agreements, and was pleased that the British Government was willing to do likewise. The Mission were elaborately entertained at a public Durbar, attended by two thousand of the high civil and military officials and the principal inhabitants of Kabul. At this magnificent function, the treaty was read. The Amir addressed the assemblage, and the ceremony wound up with prayers for the health of King Edward and the Amir. Mr. Louis Dane was accompanied on this pleasant little excursion by Mr. A. H. Grant, Secretary of the North-west Frontier Administration; Major Norman Camp, Commandant; and Captain Victor Brooke, A.D.C. to Viscount Kitchener.

Many memories of the past must have been evoked at different stages of the journey, especially when, as pictured here, the members of the Mission were grouped for their photographs to be taken, on the hill upon which, in 1842, the British Army retiring from Kabul made their last stand, and were cut to pieces by the Ghilzais. On this lamentable occasion, of 3,849 rank and file and about 12,000 camp followers, only Dr. Brydone and four or five natives escaped.

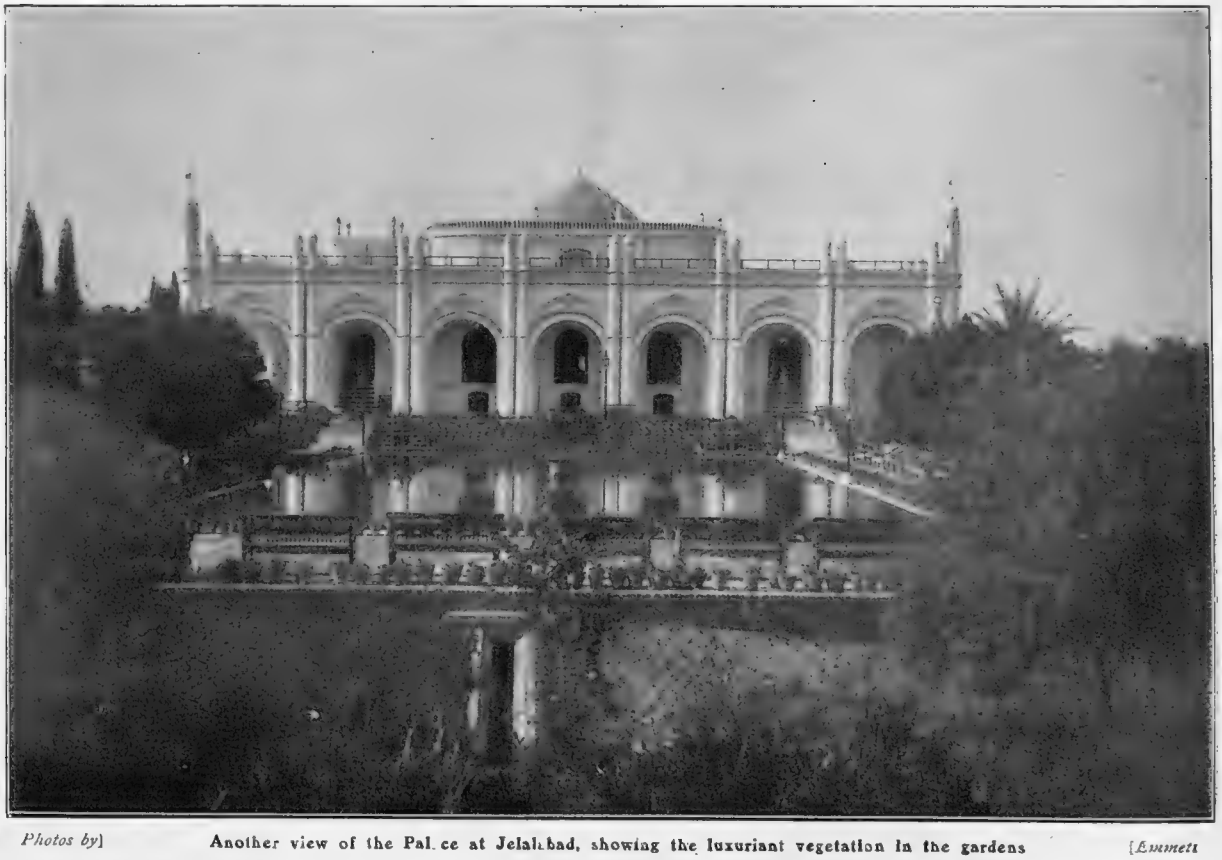
If the Amir of Afghanistan possess a grain of humour, he must enjoy many a quiet chuckle over the position on the map which fate has assigned to his dominions. Afghanistan anywhere but where it lies, and Habibullah Khan, G.C.M.G., might have ranked with the Prince

Photo by] The British Mission to Kabul [*Emmett*

In the centre, with his hat off, is Mr. Louis Dane, leader of the Mission. Next to him is Captain Victor Brooke, A.D.C. to Viscount Kitchener. On the left are Afghan officials who were told off to entertain the Mission

View of the Palace at Jelalabad, lent by the Amir to the Members of the British Mission

of Monaco, or with any other potentate who does not matter politically. As it is, he enjoys the profound respect of two leading Powers, of whom, it is said, he distrusts both in about equal measure. Of the two, his sympathy inclines, perhaps, towards England, and if Russia invaded his country, he would no doubt join common cause with us against them. At the present moment, the Amir, if he be merely human, must feel well disposed towards the British Government, which has just presented him with a motor-car. Bullocks, yoked to the car, drew it over the rough passes to Kabul. So we are one up against our Russian friends in the delicate sport of pleasing Habibullah.



Photos by] Another view of the Palace at Jelalabad, showing the luxuriant vegetation in the gardens [*Emmett*

CONCERNING MR. C. T. YERKES

(NO. 78 OF THE SERIES)

A good many Londoners feel a direct and eager personal interest in Mr. Charles Tyson Yerkes. They would like to get him in a corner, and interview him. They would take him by the coat and say: "O Financial Magnate, tell us of your charity, *when* are you going to get the District electrified? For many moons, O Capitalist, have we stinted ourselves of half our daily curses at the Company, because we believed that you, O Electric Transport King, were soon to take hold of things, and that the belated train, the venerable and springless carriage, the compartment packed like a herring-barrel, and the blocked line, were to become old, forgotten, far-off things. Yet still we linger in torments. O, Napoleon of the Railroads, kindly fix a date." That is what the travellers by the District Line would say.

London is quite used to the idea of Mr. Yerkes now. When first it was announced that a gentleman from Chicago was coming over to acquire controlling interests in various London lines, existent and non-existent, and to electrify them, London manifested some pain. Could not native talent have taken up this problem and solved it? was the question. The answer was: No. And now we are only too glad when Mr. Yerkes allows British firms to have the building and construction contracts: though the stock is to be of American pattern.

He is not one of the people who get killed off by the strain of business. Sixty-eight summers will, when this year's is at an end, have flitted over his head since first he saw the light of Philadelphia. He went through a Quaker School, and then passed a little time as book-keeper at a salary that might, with economy, keep him in ties at the present day. It kept him alive, however, and at twenty-three he had entered upon his life's work: the owning of railways. At that tender age he was the proprietor of a Philadelphia street line. The impetuosity of youth, however, which takes forms in the United States of which we know little here, led him to become a banker. This rash frolic had its retribution: after ten years of it, he failed.

At this point in his fortunes, the city of Philadelphia made herself highly unpleasant to her afflicted son. He had, in the most filial spirit, sold bonds on the city's account, and owed her the money. She demanded to be ranked above his other creditors. He would not do it. Mr. Yerkes was accordingly seized, dragged to the bar of Pennsylvanian justice, and flung into prison for misappropriating public funds. But as a felon he was a disappointment. He was "pardoned" first: and afterwards the higher Court declared the conviction illegal and abominable. This was Mr. Yerkes' one experience as a criminal

By 1874 he was on his feet again, and well launched on his railroad career. In 1886 he descended upon Chicago. He bought lines, built lines, operated lines: he made lines pay that had been long-established losers, and gave Chicago a complete system of transport. When this great work was finally complete and running, six hundred miles of it, he sold his interests, and looked about for another world to conquer. He found one, and we are it.

His collection of pictures in New York is perhaps the finest in the United States. He has given to the University of Chicago a telescope which is, they say, the largest in the world. It is in the Yerkes Observatory, at Lake Geneva, in Wisconsin, and through it, on a clear day, you can see the people riding seventeen in a compartment on the District Railway.

The Cult of Chiffon

"*There is no more mischievous wickedness in society to-day than the flamboyant, exuberant, wilful extravagance of women's dress.*"—Miss MARIE CORELLI in "Free Opinions Freely Expressed."

I.

Bridget was a farmer's daughter, ruddy cheeked and broad of girth,
Dancing-eyed and boisterous-mannered, very child of Mother Earth.
True, for dress she had a passion, every year 'twas something new,
Either hat, or frock, or jacket, and the best alone would do.
Bridget scorned the "home-made" effort, everything she wore must be
Fashioned by the local modiste just as London gowns would be.
Still, she was so fresh and charming in the pretty clothes she wore.
That the farmer swore 'twas worth it, though each year she cost him more.

II.

Then, it chanced that Bridget married, as a damsel fair should do,
Only, Bridget married money, with a man attached, 'tis true.
With her swain she came to London, soon she learned one lesson pat,
"Morals are a minor matter. Keep your eye on gown and hat."
So the money went a-flying, hubby looking on dismayed,
While his simple rustic maiden blossomed, gorgeously arrayed,
Into just the hateful creature he had fled from town to 'scape,
Simpering doll decked out in ribbons, voile and velvet, tulle and crêpe.

III.

Years have passed since Bridget's wedding, now she rules, a social queen
Though her looks have altered somewhat, and her nerves aren't what they've been.
Still, in all the women's weeklies, you may read, if so you care,
What she wore last week, with drawing, what next week she hopes to wear.
All the same "Yvonne" is pressing for a thousand on account,
And, since Hubby long disowned her, she can raise no such amount;
Still, she hopes to stem the torrent. When on her did fortune frown?
Bridget of the dewy mornings, Bridget of the cotton gown.

The Electric Transport King

DRAWN BY B. BRONSTRAND

MATTERS MUSICAL

The Growth of Opera

In my last article I attempted to indicate in brief the manner in which opera originated in Italy, and its spread to other countries up to the end of the seventeenth century, and this week I wish to trace quickly its development to the present day. In the early years of the eighteenth century, composers were working at operas in France, Germany, and England. In France and Germany, opera has continued to flourish; but, presumably, the English temperament finds it difficult to accept its principles, for it is certain that, after the attempts of Purcell, and later, Handel, little worthy of the name of English opera has flourished in England.

In France

In France, after the death of Lulli (who is said to have struck his foot while conducting and to have died as the result of poison attacking the wound), many composers of fluent pen, but small genius, continued, nevertheless, to improve the orchestra, and still further progress is due to Rameau, who raised the standard of opera to a very high level. Some ten years after his death, Gluck's first opera, *Iphigénie en Aulide*, was produced in 1774, and, putting aside the famous rivalry between Gluck and the Italian composer, Piccini, this event marked the beginning of a new era of French opera. Such worthy successors as Cherubini, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Gounod, and Saint-Saëns complete the succession down to our own days.

Miss Astrid Yden

A Swedish lady, who is a clever harpist, and who recently sought the favour of musical London with great success

In Germany

German opera may be said to have seen the light at Hamburg in 1678, when Theile's "song-spiel," *Adam und Eva*, was first performed. Keiser was the genius to whose part it fell to carry on the work and to be the precursor of Weber and Mozart. Handel, himself, as a young man, played in Keiser's orchestra, and it was actually in Hamburg that he produced his first opera, *Almira*, in 1705. One wonders what different issue would have been in store for English opera had Handel devoted his energies to its establishment in London, instead of lending his encouragement to the Italian school. Once kindled in Germany, the flame of opera has never flagged, and in due course one reaches the period when Wagner appears on the scene with new methods and tremendous ideas, the influence of which is by no means exhausted as yet.

In England

During this wonderful progress in other countries, what is there to chronicle in England? It is only sufficient to cite Dr. Arne's *Alfred* and *Caractacus*, Sir Henry Bishop's *Circassian Bride*, Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, and Wallace's *Maritana*, as evidence that it is not the fault of our native composers if opera has not flourished in this country, though it must be admitted that it would be difficult to find an eminent English composer to-day. At the present time, indeed, opera would seem to be under a cloud, and the reason may, perhaps, be found in the fact that it has never grown with the life of the people, but has been left to the often remiss attentions of the upper classes. This, again, would seem to be a result of the backward state in which English people, as a whole, remain with regard to music.

In Italy

Italy itself, before the advent of Verdi, had fallen to a very low level, and it may not be expecting too much to hope that some day a new English genius will arise, and set about reforming and reconstituting our national opera, though how he is going to do it, unless he happens to be at once a millionaire and a musical genius, it is difficult to see, under present conditions. But the contrast of Bellini and Donizetti with Verdi, Boito, and other Italian composers of the modern school, is an object-lesson from which much might be argued. In the meantime, despite the Wagner cult, there seems to be little real use, so far as art is concerned, in staging in London works which have their origin in foreign brains, and whose whole substance is alien to the English mind.

The Spoiling of the Prodigy

Some stop ought really to be put to the achievements of prodigies. Having justly earned the goodwill of musical audiences all over Europe, Mischa Elman, a while since, gave his first recital in London. As was to be expected, the audience consisted largely of the weaker sex, and they proceeded to demonstrate their weakness by breaking into tears over the darling child. That he should possess the power of appealing to men by his playing is sufficiently wonderful, but that he should be allowed to break the hearts of the ladies in this wholesale fashion seems scandalous, as also does the opportunity afforded him (or any other prodigy for the matter of that) of being spoiled in a manner which is certain to be prejudicial to his nature, and, therefore, eventually to his playing.

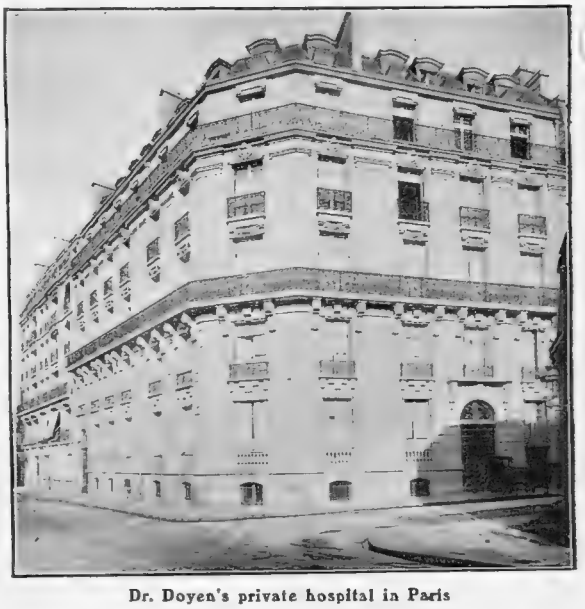
H. F.

DR. DOYEN: AND HIS SERUM CURE FOR CANCER

By JOHN N. RAPHAEL

It is as difficult for a healthy man to get a private interview with Dr. Doyen as for a Jew to get a private interview with the Pope, and when I did get speech of him between two operations, I found the Doctor very busy.

He is a man of middle size, broad-shouldered, and fair-haired, with hard-set, determined lips and a fairness that is well sprinkled with grey, though he is but forty-five years' old. His eyes are blue, keen and inscrutable, and his pale face wears the abstracted look of the deep thinker. But what impressed me most in Dr. Doyen as I sat by him in the study of his private hospital, in the Rue Piccini, in Paris, were his hands. They are the hands of an aristocratic butcher. Beautifully white, tended with the care that a professional beauty might devote to hers, they are great, brawny hands, with thick spatulate fingers, and looking at them, it is hard to realise that they can do the finest work of any hands in France, work in which long, taper fingers might well fail. The strength of them is awful, and when you shake hands with him, it is quaint to note the effort of care with which Dr. Doyen will take your hand in his own. You almost see the thought, "I must be careful not to crush his bones," and in this strength and gentleness combined, which mark the doctor's hand-grip, you—if you be at all imaginative—may have an epitome of his character.

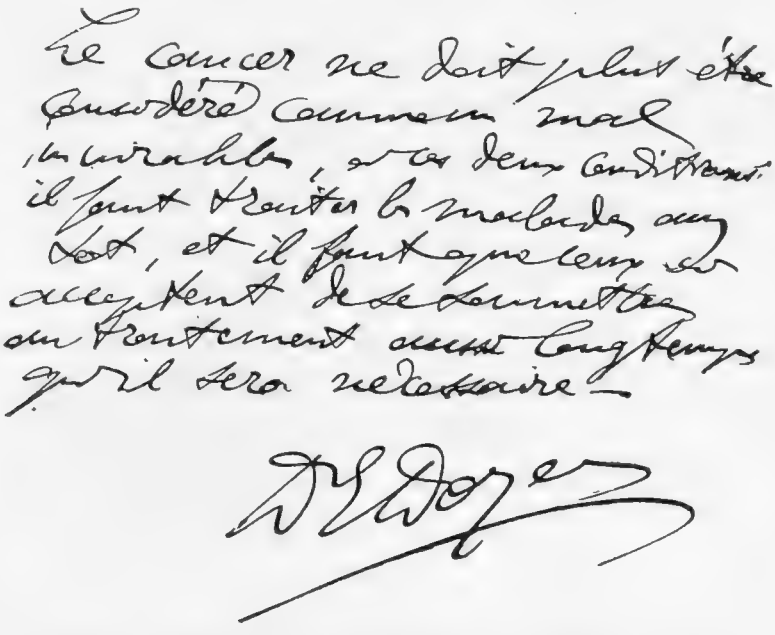


Dr. Doyen's private hospital in Paris

A Perfectly Equipped Hospital

His private hospital is, as our photograph shows, a large six-storied building, at the corner where the Rue Duret joins the Rue Piccini, within a stone's throw of the Bois. He has a large staff of trained nurses, six assistant doctors, all of them fully qualified, and, as several of our English doctors told me during their recent visit to Paris, his hospital is as perfectly equipped as modern science can equip it. Fortunately for suffering humanity, Dr. Doyen started in life as a man of means, and has been able to devote himself, young though he is, to his life's study, cancer, for no less than eight-and-twenty years. I may, perhaps, be permitted the indiscretion that, since his discovery of the serum treatment just a year ago, Dr. Doyen's application of it has cost him no less a sum than £24,000.

The Doctor will not allow one to talk of "cure" for cancer yet, but the statistics of the cases during the last six months, with which he favoured me, are eloquent. From October 1 of last year to April 1 in 1905, Dr. Doyen has treated seventy-six cases of cancer, thirty-five of which have been treated by the serum and without an operation. The results have been the following: In two cases, both of which were treated with the knife, there was no favourable result. Fourteen operated cases were favourable, and twenty-five were doubtful. Of the thirty-five cases treated by the serum, seventeen—*i.e.* forty-eight per cent.—are practically cures. None have been unfavourable, and those which are still under observation are all progressing well.



Dr. Doyen's message to readers of The Bystander on the subject of cancer cure

In this note the famous French scientist says: "Cancer can no longer be considered as an incurable disease, if two conditions be observed. The patient must be treated as soon as possible, and must submit to treatment for a sufficiently extended period"

Non-Surgical the Better Treatment

Dr. Doyen, a man of few words as a rule, becomes eloquent upon the relative merits of operation and the serum treatment in the case of cancer. It must not be forgotten that this man, the son of an

eminent surgeon, and a man whose whole life has been spent in hospital, is beyond all dispute the most brilliant operator of our day, and from this fact, his belief that cancer can be cured without the intervention of the knife, gains immense weight.

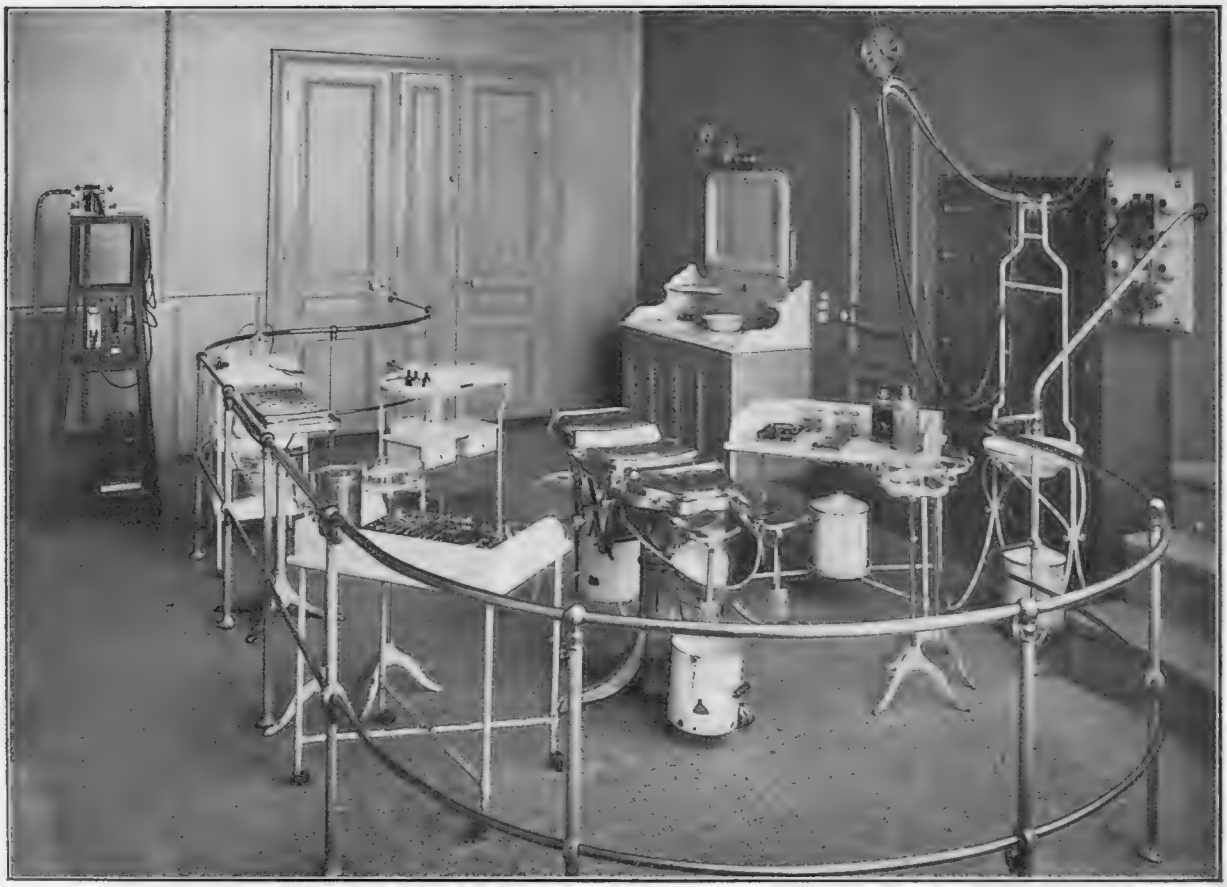
"An experience of twenty-eight years," he says, "has shown me that surgical intervention in case of cancer rarely gives encouraging results. In fact, I will go so far as to say that the proportion of surgical cures of cancer is only five per cent. The difference in favour of non-surgical treatment, when compared with this result, is startling. In the last six months, twelve of the thirty-five cases which I have treated with the serum were, in the actual state of science, absolutely inoperable, and out of these thirty-five cases I secured seventeen favourable results, and the remaining eighteen are still under observation. Recurrence of the growth, which is fatal in serious cases, frequently occurs after the surgical removal of a benign tumour, an adenoma in the breast for instance, and this recurrence often assumes a malignity which the original tumour did not possess.

"Out of fifty-one cases of cancer in the breast which I have treated in the last six months, I have treated twenty-two without an operation. Twelve of these twenty-two cases were secondary tumours, of which the primary growths had already been operated, and I have favourable results in eight out of the twelve cases, the remaining four of which are still under observation. In the other ten cases, cases of cancerous tumour which have not been operated, seven results were favourable, and the three others are still under observation.

Results of Anti-Neoplasic Treatment

"I will not worry your readers with too many scientific details, but I should like you to say that in four grave and recurrent cases, my anti-neoplasic treatment has, without operation, reduced the size of the tumour from that of a small orange to that of an almond-nut or a large bean, and in one case, that of a movable tumour of the size of an orange, on the left breast, the tumour disappeared altogether after a few weeks' treatment. I would insist upon these cases, which, to my mind, show the danger of operation when operation can be avoided, although I am far from saying that operation in the case of cancer should be altogether proscribed. I do say, however, that one should only operate when the knife can be called in to the assistance of the anti-neoplasic treatment by suppressing, once and for all, a massive and voluminous cancerous lesion, against which the serum alone would not be sufficient. You realise, do you not, what a neoplasm is? It is a new tissue produced by the abnormal vegetation of the cellules of an organism. Its development is invariably the same. A local traumatism produces a *locus minoris resistentiæ*, and various circumstances tend to develop neoplasm from the original and comparatively harmless tumour.

"If The Bystander were a medical magazine, I would go more into detail; but, as this is not the case, let me merely explain, in a few words, why I believe that, although the cancer microbe has not yet actually been discovered, and, as it were, pinned down and labelled, the micrococcus neoformans may be combated by serum. The small-pox microbe is



The Centre of the Operating-room: Medical students remain outside the rail

The curious looking couch in the middle is the perfected operating table, on which the patients can be made to assume any necessary position

DR. DOYEN IN HIS STUDY

The bust on the mantelpiece is that of Dr. Doyen's father, who was also a famous surgeon. Starting life as a man of means, it was only last year that Dr. Doyen discovered his famous serum cure for cancer, and since that time he has spent £24,000 out of his private purse in pursuing his investigations

unknown, and yet it is fought, and fought successfully, by means of Jenner's cow-pox vaccine. And, in the secretions of barm, a staphylase has been found which is an extraordinary specific against an ordinary cold, and even against pneumonia. And yet there is no connection whatever known to exist between barm and the microbes of these maladies."

A Doctor—not a Magician

It is only since June, 1904, or just a year, since Dr. Doyen introduced his serum treatment for cancer. The treatment consists in the injection of an animal serum taken from horses and of calf lymph. In the past year, the favourable results from the treatment have numbered over a hundred. In many cases tumours of the breast, of a large size, have been reduced to very small volume, and in some cases have disappeared altogether. But Dr. Doyen is anxious that it should be well understood that he is a doctor, and not a magician.

His serum treatment can do nothing for a patient who is irremediably lost, who has diffused cancer, and who has only a few days or a few weeks to live. A moment's thought will make it clear that, even when a specific treatment of tuberculosis be discovered, it will be impossible to reconstitute those portions of the lung which have already been destroyed. His treatment of cancer, too, must necessarily vary with the different cases, and a patient must submit to its continuation as long as Dr. Doyen judges necessary.

The intervals of injection have to be varied, as have the injections themselves, and the same quantities of animal serum, weak vaccine, and strong vaccine, are injected in no two cases. It is important, too, that the patient should remain under the doctor's observation, so that he may decide when and for how long the treatment should be interrupted, for, occasionally, it is during this interruption that the amelioration becomes most accentuated.

The Conditions for Cure

It was almost with glee that, before taking me round to show me the operating rooms, the rooms where his serum is stored and observed, the photographic, X-ray, and cinematographic installation, and the hospital generally, Dr. Doyen spoke of the undoubted results that his treatment has had during the past twelve months. "Our experience," he said, "grows daily, and we are now certain that we are making progress But we must, for the success of our treatment, continue to keep our cases under observation.

One of the laboratories, where the sera are observed

"I am in a position now, however, to affirm, and this most positively and without fear of contradiction from any doctor who will examine my cases without preconceived ideas, that my neoplasic treatment is the most precious resource against cancer, and I will even go a little further:

Cancer can no longer be considered as an incurable disease, if two conditions be observed. The patient must be treated as soon as possible, and must submit to treatment for a sufficiently extended period."

And, writing down these few words for me, so that THE BYSTANDER might reproduce them in facsimile, and so convey some words of comfort and of hope to the thousands of sufferers in England, the Doctor grasped my hand in farewell. "One question more," I pleaded. "What do you think of Lieber's radium pencil treatment and of the violet cure?" "About the radium pencil treatment," said the doctor, "my data are at present insufficient. As to the violet 'cure,' that is mere nonsense, *une idée de vieille bonne femme*, and on a par with the superstition prevailing among the French peasantry that the body of a freshly killed pigeon applied to the breast will cure consumption." JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Of Mushroom Growth

SNOBSON *(with becoming taste)*: "You see, Sir Rex, we're building some of our famous 'Maisonettes' on Oldacres Park!"

SIR REX OLDACRES *(who has had to sell his estate)*: "So I surmised when I saw the piles of rubbish accumulated there. I suppose you began yesterday!"

DRAWN BY A. T. SMITH

OUR SHORT STORY

THE ADVENTURE OF AN INNOCENT*

By JOHN F. MACDONALD

On Monday night, and on Tuesday night, and at the Wednesday matinée, and again on Wednesday night, Percival Gordon Bishop sat in the stalls of the Arcadia Theatre and gazed with wistful admiration at Miss Gussie St. Loe. The play—a musical comedy—was *The Girl of Girls*—and it was new and exhilarating and altogether enchanting to impressionable young Bishop, who had never, never witnessed such gay and frivolous doings in the cathedral town of Durham. His first visit to the Metropolis! When Miss St. Loe was "off" the stage, Bishop thought hard things of Durham. It was dull and it was sedate, and how much duller would it appear after this short exciting trip to London. No musical comedies in Durham. No Gussie St. Loes in Durham. Instead: *The Sign of the Cross*—amateur performances of *Box and Cox*—oratorios—Mr. Joseph Woolley's "Animated Pictures of the War." And Bishop sighed, and Bishop moved restlessly in his seat,—Wednesday night, and the following Saturday would see him far away in Durham and far away from the incomparable Miss St. Loe!

> She looked so shy and good, but in reality she could
> Tell the pinkest tales of anyone in London.

A storm of applause greeted the conclusion of this cheerful chorus—led by "The Girl of Girls" herself and repeated by eight young ladies in gorgeous hats and dresses. Among the eight, Gussie St. Loe. And all eight smiled graciously upon the many young worldlings who adorned the first few rows of the stalls, and—it appeared to Bishop that Miss St. Loe's smiles were directed particularly at him.

Bishop blushed. The heart of Bishop beat and the head of Bishop swam; and then—yes, then—Bishop smiled back.

By the time the curtain fell on the first act (to the brilliant finale of "The Girl of Girls is the Pearl of Pearls"), young Bishop of Durham had arrived at a tremendous resolution. With faltering step he approached a golden-haired programme-seller, and in trembling tones he bade her present his card to Miss St. Loe. The card he pressed into her hand together with a half-a-crown, and the golden-haired one glanced at him gaily, and smiled. Again, Bishop blushed. "Poor innocent!" exclaimed the girl, watching Bishop disappear in the direction of the bar. And, over a brandy-and-soda, he marvelled at his boldness: asked himself whether it was possible that he had actually despatched a message to Gussie St. Loe. Would she reply? What would she say? Was he to be favoured or was he to be snubbed? He flattered himself that he had composed his little communication with gallantry and neatness. On his card he had written—

"An admirer, whose sojourn in London is a brief one, would esteem it a great honour if Miss St. Loe would consent to take supper with him to-night when the performance is over."

Would she accept? And if she accepted, what should he say to her? All around Bishop were gay young worldlings who spoke familiarly of Maisie Dove and Ivy Pendragon and Hildred St. George—other ornaments of the "chorus" at the Arcadia. And their gossip alarmed and abashed young Bishop: they were such men-about-town and he was but an innocent from Durham.

"I think I'll have another brandy-and-soda," he said, to the barmaid. But the drink stung him, had no exhilarating effect; and, after an envious glance at the young worldlings, Bishop returned to his seat.

"Here you are, Sir," said the golden-haired programme-seller.

"Thank you very much," replied Bishop, in a stammer.

"Poor innocent!" repeated the girl, after having slipped Bishop's second half-a-crown into her pocket.

In his hand Bishop held Miss St. Loe's reply. It was pencilled on the back of his own card and it ran—

"With pleasure. Meet me at the stage-door about 11.20.—G. St. L."

Down—at last—came the curtain, and out of the theatre trooped the young worldlings, followed slowly and falteringly by Bishop. He gave a newspaper boy sixpence to lead him to the stage-door, and vulgarly the boy cried, "Good luck, Captain." On the very edge of the kerbstone he stood—a pale, vapid, timid young man of twenty.

"I engage you," he announced, tremulously, to a cabman.

"All right, Captain," replied the cabman.

Nervously, Bishop played with the buttons on his gloves. Anxious, were the glances he cast at the stage-door.

"'Ave a box of matches—do—Captain," pleaded a frowsy girl.

"Captain, captain," begged a husky voice, "don't refuse a pair of bootlaces from an old woman."

Awkwardly, Bishop of Durham, Bishop "the Captain," distributed pennies—and he was being hoarsely "blessed" by the old woman with the bootlaces, when Miss Gussie St. Loe appeared. She was tall, extravagantly dressed, brilliantly bejewelled—a beautiful blonde.

"Mr. Bishop?" she inquired, smilingly.

"Miss St. Loe?" stammered Bishop. And then, "Where shall we go?"

"Let's try the 'Olympic.'"

"'Olympic' restorong? All right, Captain," said the cabman.

*(All rights strictly reserved)

"The waiters knew Miss St. Loe: bowed respectfully to her. But she passed imperiously through the room to what she described as her 'favourite' table"

DRAWN BY J. DA COSTA

Only a two minutes' drive to the "Olympic."

"It is wonderfully kind of you to come," murmured Bishop. "I was afraid you might be offended—really, I was. But you see, I am only in London until the end of the week. On Saturday I go back to Durham."

"What kind of place is Durham?" asked Miss St. Loe, carelessly.

"I am afraid you wouldn't like it," replied Bishop, "it's very old-fashioned and slow. Everybody goes to bed at ten, and we never get any decent theatrical companies. The only play they seem to like is *The Sign of the Cross*. I'm sure I don't know what they'd think of the *Girl of Girls*."

"Here we are," said Miss St. Loe. "What would Durham say if it saw you going into the 'Olympic'?"

Gallantly but awkwardly Bishop handed Miss St. Loe out of the cab. Awkwardly, too, he dropped the fare in the gutter. "All right, Captain: I'll find it," said a gigantic commissionaire. And then did Bishop follow Miss St Loe into the "Olympic": a restaurant in red and gold, with palms, a soft carpet, and a tzigane orchestra. The waiters knew Miss St. Loe: bowed respectfully to her. But she passed imperiously through the room to what she described as her "favourite" table, and advised Bishop to leave the supper to the maître d'hôtel.

"Do you like sweet or dry champagne?" asked Bishop, innocently.

"Sweet? Who ever heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Gussie St. Loe, pettishly. "Order No. 93. It's brut—if you know what that is in Durham. I never drink anything else. Hullo, here are some of our girls."

Into the restaurant came three young worldlings with Ivy Pendragon, Maisie Dove, and Hildred St. George. Gaily, they selected a table—and all six of them were in extravagant spirits. Bishop looked at them wistfully. He felt his inferiority, and wished he were a young worldling with an inexhaustible fund of gossip, anecdote, and repartee.

"You've upset the salt," observed Miss St. Loe. "Let's talk about—what's the name of the place? Oh yes, Durham. What in heaven's name do you do in this Durham, when you're not seeing *The Sign of the Cross?*"

Always awkwardly, Bishop explained—

"Well, you see my people live there, and I'm in the pater's office, trying to learn architecture. I'm not much good at it: you have no idea how difficult it is. Besides, the pater's business has fallen off a great deal lately, and my brothers and I have to do things that used to be left to the clerks. We've only got one clerk now."

Miss St. Loe's expression became hard.

"Indeed," she remarked.

"Yes," continued Bishop, "the pater's rather anxious about it. But never mind that now. . . . I suppose it's awfully jolly to be on the stage? I wish I were; and I would rather act in the *Girl of Girls* than in any play I know."

But Miss St. Loe did not hear. Miss St. Loe was making odd little grimaces at Hildred St. George, that expressed boredom and exasperation; and Miss Hildred St. George was plainly communicating her friend's sentiments to the worldlings. A shout of laughter went up from their table.

"They seem to be having a good time," said Bishop, enviously.

"They're the best boys in London," sharply replied Miss St. Loe.

The supper dragged dreadfully. Miss St Loe refused coffee, also refused liqueurs; and when Bishop had lighted his cigarette she announced her intention of going home.

"I hope you will let me drive you," pleaded Bishop.

"Oh, if you like," said Miss St. Loe, coldly.

"Perhaps you will allow me to call upon you to-morrow. We might go to tea in Kensington Gardens." And, then, ardently, "I should like to see you as often as possible before I go back to Durham. You can't imagine how much I admire you and ——."

"All right," interrupted Miss St. Loe. "I want to say a word to Hildred St. George—so you had better go out first and tell the commissionaire to call a cab. I'll follow you."

As Bishop left the restaurant on his mission, Miss Gussie St. Loe crossed over to her friends' table and cried—

"My dears—he's a wretched little architect—from Durham!"

And one of the worldlings ejaculated—

"How dreadful! Where the cathedrals come from!"

And Miss Hildred St. George exclaimed—

"Oh, Gussie! I *do* feel sorry for you."

Outside, on the pavement, stood Bishop, ready to hand Miss St. Loe into the cab as soon as she should be pleased to appear. He was conscious that the supper had been a failure; but he would do his utmost to be frivolous and brilliant—like those young worldlings—all the way to the actress's door. He would say caustic ironical things of Durham. He would mock at those ridiculous people who have a prejudice against the stage. He would—

"Beg pardon, sir—but the lady inside says you're not to wait, as she's staying on with 'er friends."

Blankly, Bishop of Durham, looked at the commissionaire. His head swam, and there was a roaring sound in his ears. At last he blurted out—

"What? You've made a mistake. Here's the cab Miss St. Loe told me to fetch. I'm going to drive her home."

"That's what Miss St. Loe told me to say," insisted the commissionaire.

"What?" repeated Bishop. "It's impossible. She can't have said that."

"Well, p'raps she didn't use those very words," admitted the commissionaire with a grin. "If you want to know, 'er precise words was—'Get rid of 'im as quick as possible, and tell 'im to toddle back to Durham.'"

With that, and with a wink at the cabman, the commissionaire returned to his post in the brilliantly illuminated entrance to the "Olympic" restaurant.

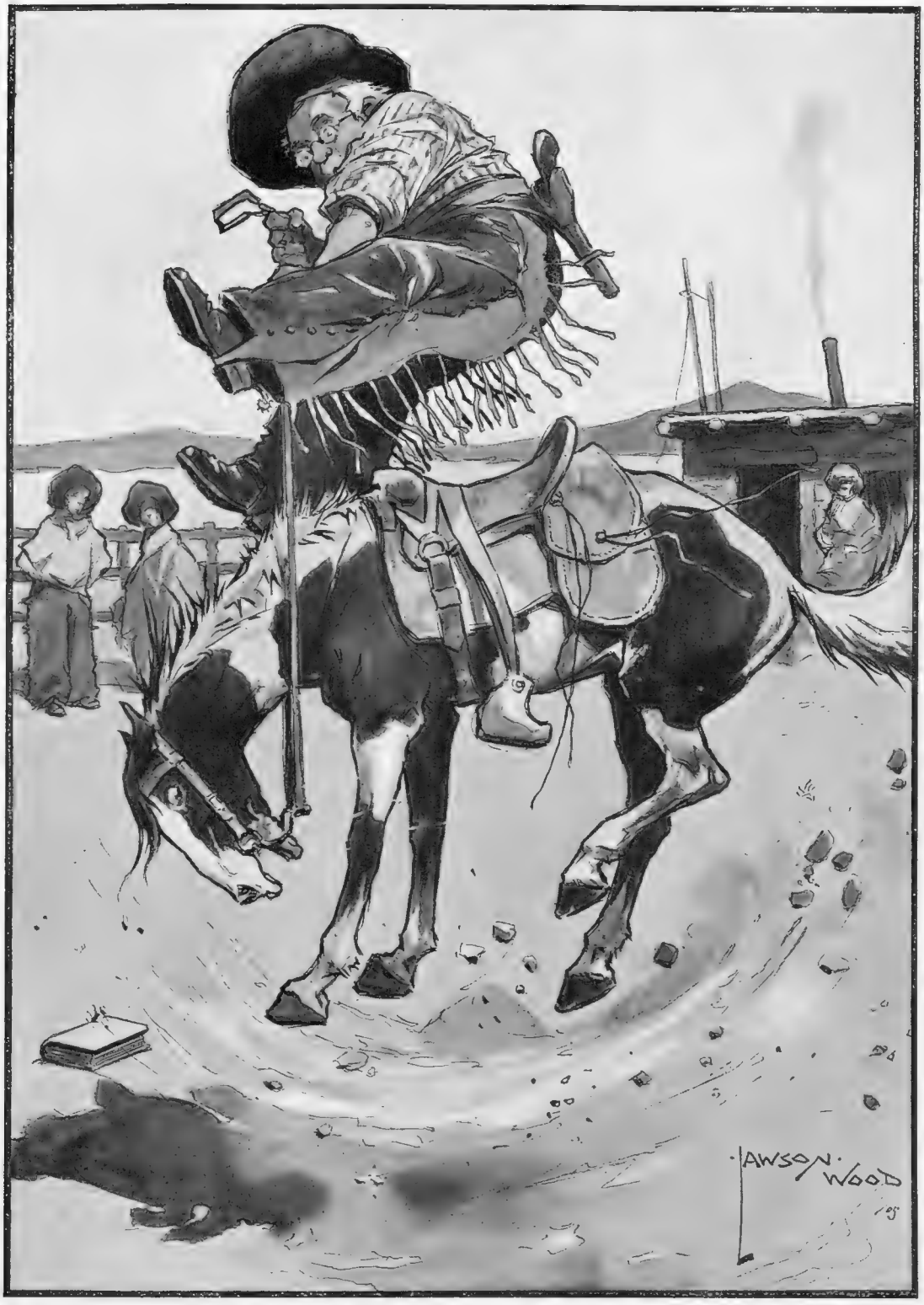
Bishop, of Durham, remained motionless in the middle of the pavement: he was stared at and jostled by the passers-by.

At length the cabman impatiently inquired—

"Where to, Captain?" JOHN F. MACDONALD.

MR. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

PICTURED IN WEEKLY CHAPTERS BY LAWSON WOOD



Chapter XVI.—ON A TEXAS CATTLE RANCH

"This position seems very curious. I must look it up in the Guide-book, and make sure if it is right"

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, of whom little has been heard of late, has a new book appearing shortly, with Mr. John Lane, under the title of *Heretics*. Remembering with pleasure, Mr. Chesterton's little volume of essays, called "Twelve Types," one is glad to learn that the new book deals with such "heretics" as Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr W. B. Yeats, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, while Omar Khayyam has a chapter to himself. Mr. Chesterton's views on Omar will be particularly good reading, for often have we seen "G. K. C." rhapsodising in a little Fleet Street restaurant, like the good Bohemian that he is, and conveying the products of his imagination to the pages of a penny copy-book (with ruled blue lines) by means of a pencil stump. Mr. Chesterton's appearance recently at Cambridge as a lecturer was rendered memorable by his turning up in —to use an undergrad's description—"the inevitable brigand's cloak and a tweed cap!" One feels that *Heretics* will be incomplete without the inclusion of a study of the author, even though written by another hand.

Mr. Barry Pain, who suffers, with Mr. Jerome, Mr. Pett Ridge, and one or two others one might mention, from having made a reputation as a humorist, is about to give us another serious novel, which Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing this week. The story, which is of the "Jekyll and Hyde" order, is written in Mr. Pain's best style, and is full of instances of his ingenuity in the working out of good plots. Constantine Dix, the hero or villain, as you will, is a man who keeps three banking accounts, has a house at Bloomsbury and another at Brighton, keeps a motor-car, and makes a comfortable £2,000 a year. He is, moreover, a philanthropist, and takes a great interest in the reclamation of the lower classes. At Scotland Yard, Dix is known as a gentleman of independent means, engaged in rescue work, who is believed to do a lot of good, though it is thought that he is often imposed upon. The book shows his real life, a startling contrast to the outward respectability and philanthropy which mask it. Each chapter contains an ingeniously contrived adventure, and in the predicaments in which he places his hero, or rather villain, Mr. Barry Pain is at his happiest.

Books to Order This Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

The First Romanovs (1613-1725). By R. Nisbet Bain. A History of Russia under Peter the Great and his forerunners. (Constable: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

My Garden in the City of Gardens. By E. H. Cuthell. An open-air book dealing with the City of Lucknow. (John Lane: 6*s.*) Published to-day.

Chats on Violins. By Miss Olga Raester. (Werner Laurie: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

NEW FICTION

Poverty Bay. Harry Furniss's first Novel. Illustrated by himself. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)

The Missing Elizabeth. By Adeline Sergeant. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

Constantine Dix. By Barry Pain. (Fisher Unwin: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

NEW FRENCH FICTION

L'Ami des Mauvais Jours. By Gerard de Beauregard. (London: Hachette: 2*s.* 8*d.*)

A book which will be of more than ordinary interest to playgoers is the new and cheaper edition of the late Clement Scott's brilliant studies of *Some Notable Hamlets*, which Messrs. Greening are about to publish. With the greatest of modern interpreters of "Hamlet" now paying his farewell visit to the stage, and with *Hamlet* now being played simultaneously at two London theatres, this new edition should find a large and appreciative public. If we remember rightly, the book contains a warm appreciation of the Italian actor Salvini, who made his appearance in this country in various Shakespearean rôles, his most successful being "Othello" and "Hamlet." We understand that Mr. W. L. Courtney is adding to the present edition of the work a chapter dealing with Mr. H. B. Irving's sanely English "Hamlet," now being played at the Adelphi, and Shakespearean students will find much to interest them in the contrast which might be drawn between such varying interpretations as those of Salvini and Irving the younger.

The Burlesque Napoleon is the title of a biography of Jerome Bonaparte, which is to be published by Mr. Werner Laurie. The book has been written by Mr. Philip W. Sergeant, whose delicate handling of "The Courtships of Catherine the Great," recently published by the same house, fits him well for the task of writing the life of the pleasure-loving Jerome. A lieutenant in the navy at seventeen, an admiral at twenty-three, a general at twenty-four, and a king in the same year, Jerome Bonaparte marred his chances by his gay life. His reign in Westphalia, where he pursued a course of the wildest and most reckless extravagance, was one constant round of fêtes, masked balls, and fairs, and although his exchequer was empty, he still maintained a court on the scale of the Tuileries. Reduced to precarious nonenity in 1814, Jerome was found faithful to Napoleon in the Hundred Days, and fought well at Waterloo. Exiled and discredited for another thirty years, Jerome then had the astonishing fortune of becoming once more a Marshal of France and Prince Imperial, and he died in peace, happy in not living to see the last downfall of France as an Empire.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

A LITERARY CAUSERIE BY "J.A.H."

Some Novels of the Month

May has been a very busy month in the world of books. There has been a considerable number of new works in fiction by well-known authors, though few of unusual merit. One of the strongest novels of the month is "A Dark Lantern" (Heinemann: 6*s.*), by Miss Elizabeth Robins, who is certainly to be included in that comparatively small company of women-novelists whose work is to be taken seriously. In "Rose of the World" (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*), Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle have given us another romance that is at once original and powerful, much above the average novel of Anglo-Indian life, though not superior to other stories that have come from the pens of the same gifted collaborators. It is emphatically "a book to read." As for Miss Dorothea Gerard's bright and entertaining story, "The Three Essentials" (Hutchinson: 6*s.*), I confess that this is more to my taste than the fiction of Mrs. Glyn, even if it be true that the suggestion of a "moral purpose" in her treatment of the life of the country house-party may be held to detract from its artistic value. Mr. Coulson Kernahan is another of the authors of distinction who are represented by new novels this month, and his most exciting story, "The Jackal" (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*), which I had an opportunity of reading before it was published, is likely to be very popular, as it abounds in incidents and situations which are daring and unexpected. The author of "Captain Shannon" has again shown us that he has the knack of constructing a sensational story of engrossing interest as well as the finer art of poetic and imaginative prose, of which his recent booklet, "The Face Beyond the Door," was so admirable an example. Of Mr. Crockett and Mr. Walter Locke and their new books, I shall have something to say further on; but, though it be in the briefest way, I must not omit to mention two other works of fiction that have come to me this month, and in which I am not a little interested. I refer to Mr. Alphonse Courlander's "Seth of the Cross" (Nash: 6*s.*), and Mr. Ridgwell Cullum's "The Brooding Wild" (Chapman: 6*s.*). Both of these novelists are young men, and both of them have written works of distinct promise. Mr. Courlander's is better than his first novel, and though it has certain youthful faults, it is no commonplace production; indeed, it is a subtle and suggestive study of the artistic temperament, and indicates that the author has undoubted ability in fiction. Mr. Cullum has more dramatic power than Mr. Courlander, but hardly so sure a grasp of character. His new romance of the North-West is a piece of fine, virile fiction, which I can confidently commend to the attention of my readers.

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. W. J. Locke

Whose new novel, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," has just been published by Mr. John Lane

Mr. S. R. Crockett

In the pages of *The Graphic* I had already made acquaintance with the latest of Mr. Crockett's host of spirited heroines, whose adventures are recounted with so much charm and vivacity in "Maid Margaret of Galloway" (Hodder: 6*s.*). Mr. Crockett has a wider field than any of his fellow-romancists; a Crockett map of Europe would be plentifully charted with the regions of his "local colour," from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. But every now and then he harks back to his native heath, and "Maid Margaret" is another instance of these home-comings of his muse, though even here the opening scenes are cast in old Touraine, the land of "Quentin Durward." It is unfair, however, to say, as I have seen it suggested, that his pen is always turned to better purpose when he writes of his own romantic land; for it is precisely his strength that he has proved himself no mere local chronicler. Truly, he never writes better than when his tale is one of olden days among the hills of Galloway, yet a list of his best books would have to include at least three whose scenes are laid in foreign lands. The Douglases have before now furnished him at once with inspiration and material for romance, and surely he could

not have selected a happier theme than the story of the witty Margaret Douglas, "the Fair Maid of Galloway," whose fortunes were bound up with the two last Earls of Douglas in so romantic a fashion. Mr. Crockett has made her the central figure of an entirely successful historical romance, which must be ranked with the very best contemporary fiction of this class, and will doubtless find hosts of readers.

Mr. William J. Locke

"The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" (Lane: 6*s.*) is the title of Mr. Locke's new novel, and although in its diary form it suggests, at first sight, certain fluffy books of the moment, it is a novel of no common merit. But it is hardly necessary to say this to those who, like myself, have followed the writings of this brilliant novelist since he produced that very striking book, "Derelicts," which, I am surprised to learn, is no less than eight years ago, as it seems little more than so many months since I reviewed it with reckless enthusiasm in the columns of a rather staid old daily! It was not Mr. Locke's first, but his fourth book, though it was, perhaps, the first of his writings that awakened the critics to the fact that he was an author who understood character, who could construct a dramatic narrative, and, above all, could write admirably terse and supple prose. I remember reading one of his earlier books more recently, "The Demagogue and Lady Phayre," which appeared in Mr. Heinemann's Pioneer series. It was a clever and earnest study of a phase of modern life, rather sad, and lacking those touches of humour and Dickens-like geniality which made "Where Love Is," published in 1903, one of the finest novels of modern social life. In his new book, his *motif* is much more unusual: the idea of an English girl, reared in Oriental ignorance of woman's place in Western civilisation, who is brought suddenly into this new world, and her consequent demeanour under the changed circumstances, being, I fancy, quite new to fiction. Mr. Locke has handled it in a manner that is, without exaggeration, masterly. Mr. Meredith says somewhere (I cannot at the moment verify my reference) that, although Englishmen have rounded Seraglio Point, they have not yet doubled Cape Turk. Marcus Ordeyne is Mr. Locke's Englishman who has doubled Cape Turk. Perhaps it may be said that he is not typical; but I find in him many of the best qualities of John Bull. Mr. Locke, by the way, is secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects, although he contrives to write as many books as some of his fellow-novelists who devote all their time to fiction.

M. Pierre Loti

The celebrated French author, whose latest work, "Troisième Jeunesse de Mme. Prune," has just appeared

Two Notable French Novels

When in France and in old French Rhineland at Easter, I was greatly interested in two new books by eminent French authors which came out at that time and have since attracted much attention. The one was M. Maurice Barrés' "Au Service de l'Allemagne;" the other, M. Pierre Loti's "Troisième Jeunesse de Mme. Prune." The former I read because it is concerned with the land and the people among whom I had been sojourning: the French who are under the iron heel of the Kaiser. M. Loti's book I read because he is one of my favourite French authors. M. Barrés, like the Marguerittes, and many another eminent Frenchman, past and present, hails from the lost provinces of France, and his book appears at an opportune moment, in view of the agitation for a constitution for Alsace-Lorraine. Allowing for his prejudices, he presents a very truthful picture of life on the frontier. His book is neither a novel, nor a descriptive work, nor a treatise; but is something of all. It is a work which would be utterly hopeless in England, for our reading public likes its goods to be "marked in plain figures," so that it may not have the chagrin of buying, under the guise of a novel, a work that might carry instruction and promote thought. M. Barrés' admirable style makes every page of his book charming to read, but the "B.P." is not yet educated up to the point of enjoying a book because it is charmingly written. And, by-the-by, when we are hearing so much about cheap books, it is worth while noting that we have never yet had in England anything remotely to be compared for value with the series in which "Au Service de l'Allemagne" appears. Each of the series consists of about 160 pages, the size of the *Strand Magazine*, contains nearly a hundred illustrations by the leading artists many of them being full pages in colours, and the whole is printed on the best art paper, for—ninepence! Bound in cloth, the price is fifteen-pence. When we remember that this is for original works, by the pick of living French authors, we may well say "Prodigious!"

M. Pierre Lotti and the New Japan

Everyone who has read Loti's "Madame Chrysanthème" and his "Japonneries d'Automne," will know that no other writer has so eminently succeeded in suggesting the idyllic charm of old Japan; but, alas, his new book of Japanese impressions—for such, rather than novels, properly so-called, are all his books on the sunny lands of the Orient—is one of disenchantment. Not that his hand has lost its cunning, but—worse still—Japan has lost its antique charm. His picture of the Bay of Nagasaki, as it is to-day, compared with its aspect fifteen years ago, gives a lasting impression of the besmirching influence of modern civilisation, and would have been applauded by Ruskin. I should have liked to quote freely, but my space will not permit, and I can only commend M. Loti's latest book to the attention of all who would like to read a sadly beautiful record of the passing of Japan's loveliness. He also sounds a note of warning as to the dread possibilities that lie in the so called "awakening" of Japan: the yellow peril looms ominously to him on the horizon of the future. Need I remind my readers that Pierre Loti is the pen-name of Captain Viaud, of the French Navy, whose love of the bizarrre got him into some disgrace last year, when he held a ludicrously elaborate ceremony at the christening of a kitten born on his ship? A member of the Academy, of the discreet age of fifty-four, should have known better!

Mr. John N. Raphael

The well-known Paris correspondent, and author of "Paris in Pen and Picture" (London: Messrs. Bumpus, New Oxford Street), a copy of which was recently accepted by the King on his visit to Paris

A Brilliant Paris Correspondent

In my book-shop ramblings while in Paris, I noticed everywhere the latest product of a pen that has added not a little to the gaiety of THE BYSTANDER. I refer to Mr. J. N. Raphael's "Paris in Pen and Picture," which Brentano had just published, and a copy of which King Edward had been pleased to accept on the occasion of his visit. His Majesty would derive some entertainment from Mr. Raphael's sparkling descriptions of life in the gay city; for these are, in the best sense of the phrase, *très Parisiennes*. What a formidable library of books on Paris there must be: their name is indeed legion. To an infinitely greater extent than London to the English is Paris to the French a source of literary interest—clean and the other thing. There are hosts of Parisian writers who live by exploiting in print the *dessous* of the modern Pompeii, and it is disgusting to see such filth as that of René Schwaeble's translated into English for our one-languaged countrymen who visit the boulevards. But Mr. Raphael is one of those Englishmen who know Paris intimately, and can write of it in the most fascinating manner, with never a shadow of suggestiveness; as, indeed, the glorious city deserves to be written about. I remember, a good few years ago, reading a clever article by him on Père la Chaise, which I have often thought was a capital set-off to Grant Allen's advice not to visit the most wonderful cemetery in Europe. Mr. Raphael is just the man to keep us in touch with all that is best worth knowing of Parisian life; he has even succeeded in Englishing the songs of Yvette Guilbert, which, as all who have heard the originals will allow, is something of a *tour de force*. He is a great enthusiast for the theatre, and is at present dramatising "The Star Dreamer"; while another book of his, on the life of Paris and the Parisians, with illustrations by Mr. Frank Reynolds, R.I., is likely to be published in London soon.

Photo by Johnston and Hoffman

Mr. F. B. Bradley-Birt

Who has just written an important work, "The Story of an Indian Upland"

Two Humorists

Not the least among the publications of the month, though small in size and price, are the two little books of Mr. Walter Emanuel and Mr. J. J. Bell. It would be no easy matter to mention in the same breath two other humorists so utterly dissimilar as the witty writer of Mr. Punch's "Charivaria," and the author of "Wee Macgreegor." Yet both are admirable in their different ways. There is about Mr. Emanuel a mordant cynicism, suggestive of distilled Voltaire, yet not unredeemed with a little "heart"; whereas Mr. Bell has not a caustic line in any of his books, but an invariable flow of kind-hearted love of his fellow mortals and a keen understanding of character. Mr. Emanuel is the deliberate jester, Mr. Bell the natural humorist. And it is a great thing to say of the former, as I can most truly say, that his witticisms stand many re-readings, for I have read several times over some of the contents of "Only My Fun" (Routledge: 1*s.* net), as he calls his new collection of comic pieces. To those who know him only through his *Punch* paragraphs, it will be a surprise to find how well he has mastered the short-story form, of which his new book contains several brilliant examples. Mr. Bell's new book takes its title from that of the opening sketch, "Mr. Pennycook's Boy" (Scots' Pictorial Company: 1*s.* net), a delightfully sympathetic study of a kind

old bachelor and a "through ither" laddie; but the immortal Macgreegor appears again, with many other engaging characters. "Tam" is the best of the more serious sketches; but all are good, and the book deserves to be as popular as any of its predecessors.

An Anglo-Indian Author

'Tis a far cry from the humours of "Glesca Bodies" to the scholarly, yet graphic pages of Mr. F. B. Bradley-Birt's handsome new book, "The Story of an Indian Upland" (Smith, Elder: 12*s.* 6*d.* net), yet here they are cheek by jowl on this bookman's table, and that reminds me that few first books have met with a more enthusiastic reception than Mr. Bradley-Birt's fascinating "Chota Nagpore, a Little-known Province of the Empire." "So far as grace of style and eloquence of diction are concerned," wrote one well qualified to judge, "the mantle of Sir William Hunter seems to have fallen on Mr. Bradley-Birt, and both writers possess in an equal measure the charm which arises from personal enthusiasm for, and sympathy with, the people and country they describe." It was no small praise for a young Indian civilian with something less than five years' service. So real and valuable a contribution to Indian literature was, as one of the leading Indian papers described it, little less than a *tour de force* for so junior an official. Mr. Bradley-Birt has now followed up his first success with "The Story of an Indian Upland," which, like the former, is full of charming and delightful pictures of native life, as aglow ith Eastern colour as anything could well be in cold print. The writer has the grip of style, and one feels as one reads that this indeed is the real India. Mr. Bradley-Birt's facile pen has also wandered into the realm of fiction, and he has contributed to THE BYSTANDER, among many other periodicals and magazines

Millionaire and Author

Mr. Andrew Carnegie is also among the authors of the month. I have been reading his little monograph on James Watt in the "Famous Scots" series—by the way, "Great Scots" is hardly thinkable!—and must pronounce it a very decent piece of book-making. The Steel King has often had irruptions of scribbler's itch, as it is more than twenty years since he made his first venture in authorship with "An American Four-in-Hand in Britain" and "Round the World," neither of which I have read, though I remember very well, as a lad in my 'teens, buying the bulky cheap edition of his "Triumphant Democracy," and reading it to (as I now fear) the wasting of time that had gone better to the closer study of Rabelais (expurgated!), which I had taken up at that period; and to which I have but recently returned, with the conviction that Dr. Robertson Nicoll is not at all correct in his insistence on the theory that it is the books we read before we are twenty that count in the sum of our literary knowledge.

The Cemetery of Père la Chaise, Paris

The great Parisian cemetery, of Père la Chaise, is visited by nine out of ten visitors to Paris, in spite of the late Grant Allen's advice not to go there. But the number of tombs of famous people that it contains make a journey thither of sentimental interest. It is not a beautiful place, but then Abelard and Heloise (whose love story is one of the most famous in the world) are buried there, as also are Alfred de Musset, David, the painter, Rachel, the actress, Madame Vigée Lebrun, Balzac, Michelet, Scribe, and many other Parisians whose names are world famous

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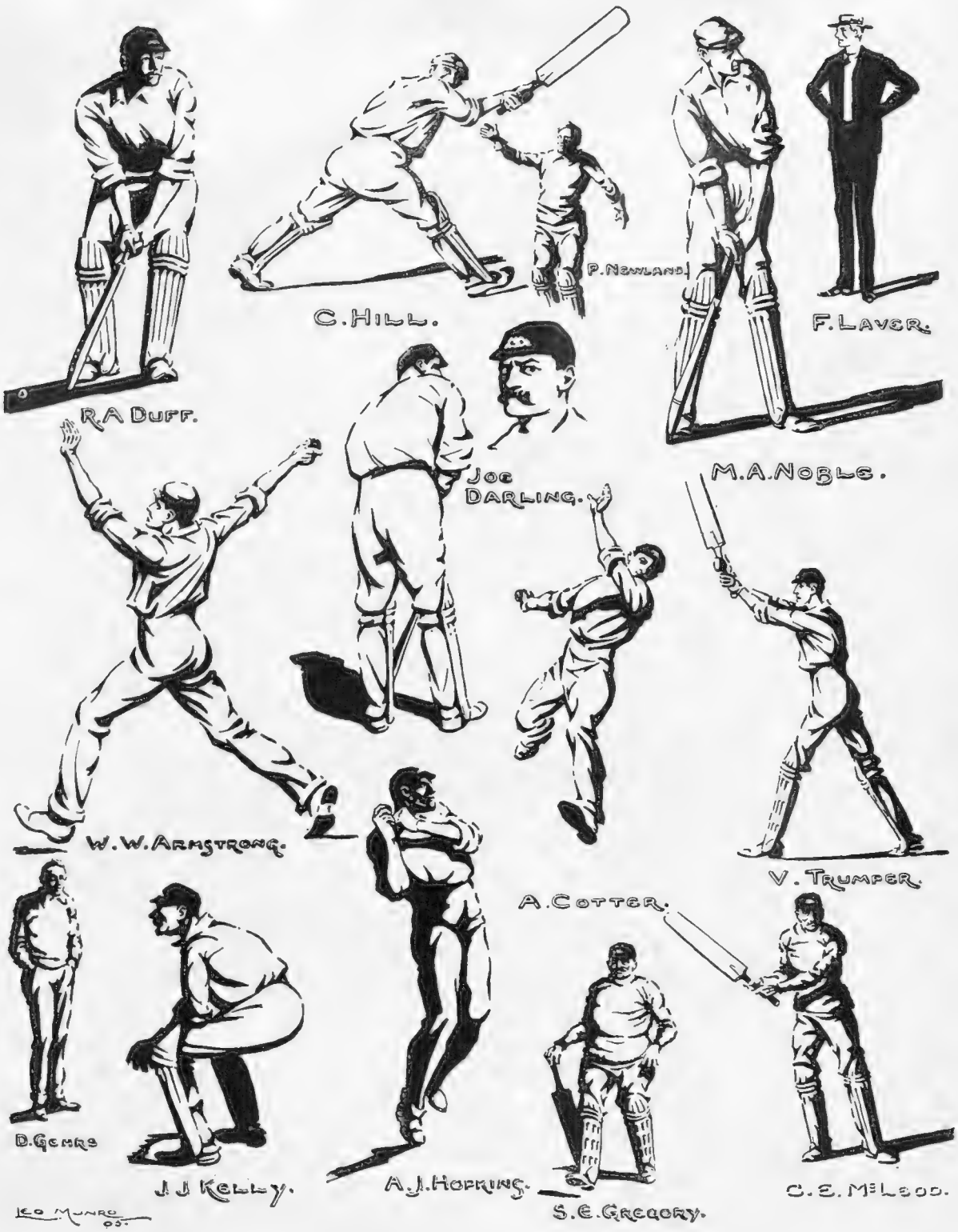
The Australian Team



IMPRESSIONS BY LEO MUNRO

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Open Championship

Warned by the fate of my prophecy last year, I am not going to attempt the invidious and thankless task of picking out the winner of this year's Championship. Last year, at the close of the second day, my selection seemed to be on velvet, so to speak, but the third day told a different tale, and forced me to the conclusion that nowadays it is almost impossible to make certain of giving the "correct tip." One knows that the event lies, more or less, in the hands of a certain number of players, but when it comes to choosing one out of that select band, the difficulty is enormous. Take, for instance, Taylor, Vardon, and Braid. Who is going to be bold enough to say which of these three is going to come out victorious over the others in a series of matches, whether by scoring or match play? Where so many are almost perfect players, it comes to a question of favouring fortune; a long putt holed and no short one missed, a full shot or a mashie approach laid dead—any one of these lucky shots may mean all the difference between being Champion or only runner-up. Therefore, I shall confine myself to a few observations on the favourites, and shall indicate my particular horse without absolutely pinning my faith to that one selection.

The St. Andrews' Course

This year, St. Andrews is the scene of battle, and a more noble golfing battlefield it is impossible to conceive. In the opinion of many of the finest players and judges of the game, the St. Andrews' course is the greatest of all links, and I think, for many reasons, that that judgment is right. St. Andrews differs from most of the great courses in this one particular, that the course is practically the same to-day as was played over generations ago. Very many of the other links have been extended or changed within a comparatively short period, but apart from the disappearance of the whins, consequent on the construction of the new course, each hole to-day, in its main characteristic, is the same as it was fifty years ago. There is, therefore, a greater volume of historic association in direct line connected with St. Andrews' golf than can be claimed by any other course. To be sure, the new course has altered the appearance of the surroundings of some of the holes, but new bunkers have been cut where whins used to abound, and it has been the aim of the Club Committee to bring back the course to its pristine narrowness and difficulty. A good deal of length has been added in order to restore the balance disturbed by the rubber-cored ball, and he would be a daring man who should venture to say that the winning score of last year will be reduced, or even equalled. A great many players have, without sufficient acquaintance with the course, given an adverse opinion concerning it. I know that, for instance, neither Mr. John Ball nor Harry Vardon likes St. Andrews. Both being great players, much weight should naturally attach to their judgment. But we must remember that neither of them has played much at St. Andrews, and that success has been denied to them there. Moreover, St. Andrews is like a great many other masterpieces of nature's, or man's, invention; it requires to be lived with, studied, and learned, before it can be properly understood. Just as many a man has come away from a first hearing of one of Wagner's great works either unappreciative or doubtful, but has eventually become an enthusiastic Wagnerite, so many a player has altered a depreciatory opinion of the St. Andrews' course formed in the early days of his acquaintance with it. But I have never yet found one who has played there for a sufficient length of time without becoming an ardent worshipper of its beauties. In many respects it is *per se*, in the thinness of its soil, the abundance of its hazards, and the variety and supreme excellence of its holes. I find that my enthusiasm for the course has left me little space to talk about the Championship aspirants. On recent performances, the event looks a good thing for Taylor, who has won a good many scoring events lately, and whose form seems to be at its very best. St. Andrews, too, suits him very well, for he won on the last two occasions when the Championship was decided there. Others who will be in the van to contest the honour with him, will be Braid, Harry and Tom Vardon, Sandy Herd, A. H. Toogood, Jack White, Andrew Kirkcaldy, and a host of the younger men, each panting to achieve the highest rung in the ladder of golfing fame. The Scotsmen may be trusted to do their very best to secure the victory for Scotland on Scottish soil, and if local knowledge is of any value, then Herd and Kirkcaldy are peculiarly favoured, for each knows every blade of grass on the course. As I have said above, it is idle to endeavour to find the winner amidst such an array of equal talent. Still I have a sneaking fancy for Taylor's chance. ERNEST LEHMANN.

Vox Inhumana

(A RONDEAU)

[Some one has lately discovered a new terror in the golf voice, necessitating a denouncement of golf for ladies. Unable to repress their natural propensity, even when separated by considerable distances on the links, the fair golfers are accused of creating this new terror—a golf voice, loud, of course, and once acquired, said to be incapable of control.—*Telegraph*.]

I loved her voice, it thrilled me through,
And as I sought her eyes of blue,
Ah! how I loved to hear her speak,
And note the colour in her cheek,
Whene'er I whispered, "I love you!"

But now I've changed my point of view—
For it was long before she knew
The art of brassey, driver, cleek—
I loved her voice.

For every day, from twelve till two,
She golfs—ah me! what shall I do—
Her voice is now a piercing shriek,
Which grows in volume every week,
It seems it never *could* be true,
I loved her voice.

Five Million Gallons of Petrol Per Annum

That is the amount that goes into English exhaust boxes in one year. Big as this consumption of spirit is, as Dr. Ormandy pointed out at the Motor Manufacturers' dinner, it is rapidly on the increase. The mobus, the trade lorry, the enormous growth in the number of internal combustion engines in everyday use, will very soon double this consumption. The *raison d'ê re* of the Society's dinner was to discuss the subject of petrol substitutes, for, as the speaker pointed out, the supply of petrol could hardly be expected to keep pace with the demand. The three known substitutes for petrol are paraffin, benzol, and alcohol. The first is an import, and its use is attended by the production of tarry substances, which remain after combustion, fouling the cylinder walls, valves, and sparking plugs. The supply of benzol, a bye-product of coal tar, is limited, and the rubber manufacturers take the bulk of it. The last alternative, alcohol, alone remains, and, at first sight, its possibilities certainly attract. Given suitable engine design, 34 per cent. is the efficiency of alcohol, compared with petrol's 20 per cent. It is more easily handled in bulk, and is free from risk of explosion. The fact that it can be produced from the land is, however, its greatest advantage. Its consumption would directly encourage agriculture, would provide employment to large numbers of men on our home farms. Supposing that the Government allowed commercial alcohol to go untaxed, using modern plant, alcohol could be produced from potatoes, costing £1 per ton, to compete with petrol at 1*s.* a gallon. Every thinking Englishman is aware of the unfortunate state of our great farming industry. Mechanical road traction is certainly destined to bring the country districts in closer touch with the towns. If, at the same time, a fresh lease of life was conferred on the long-suffering agriculturist by the use of alcohol as fuel, the internal combustion engine would, indeed, be a blessing to this island. The practical difficulty at present is that petrol is nearly half the price. In Germany, the Government has done a good deal to encourage the production of alcohol, yet the bulk of the cars still run on petrol. In France, although a heavy duty has been placed on petroleum, few cars use alcohol. Some time, I fear, must elapse before our farming industry can make much money out of motors. Nevertheless,

Princess Christian driving in her Thornycroft car to open a bazaar at Woolwich

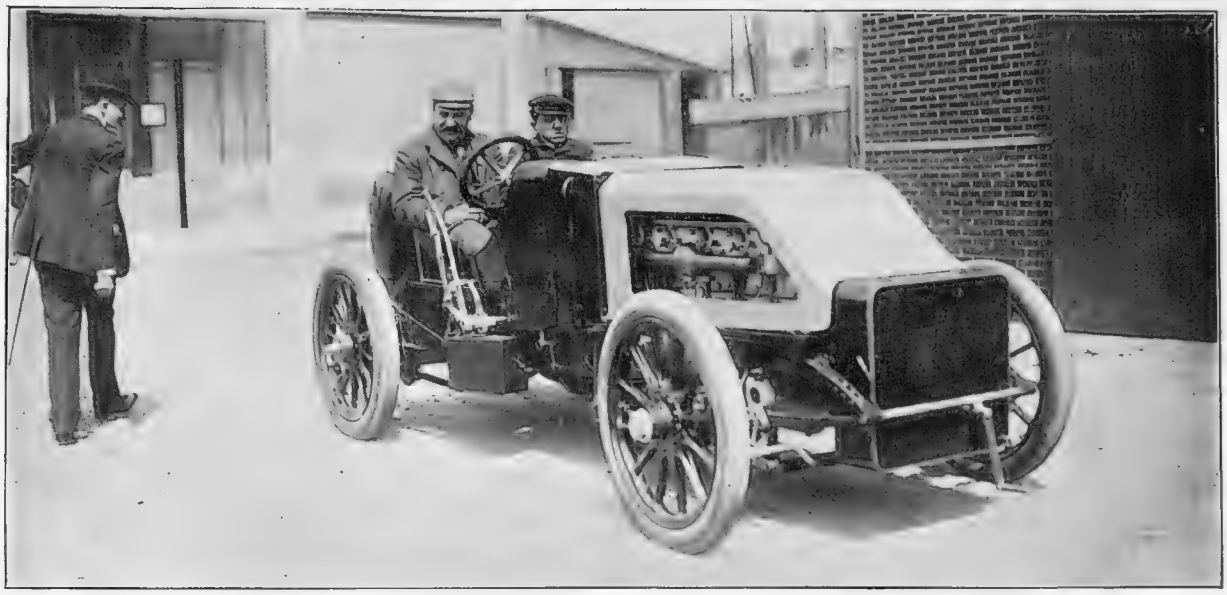


Photo by *Topical Agency*

M. Girardot at the wheel of a 100 h.-p. C. G. V.

Built for the Gordon Bennett Race, this car has a live axle of special design, strong enough to stand practically any strain

alcohol production has possibilities, and even a permanent petrol famine would have some advantages.

Which is the Best Petrol?

That smart little paper with the green cover, *The Motor*, has been enterprising enough to test samples of the different petrols now on the market. Ten gallon tins of the principal brands were purchased, not from the makers, but from retail shops in the ordinary course of business. Professor Low conducted the experiments, using for the purpose a single-cylinder 4 h.-p. Fafnir engine. While there was little to choose between the different kinds of petrol as power producers, the actual cost per b.h.-p. per hour, and consumption in gallons per b.h.-p., of the seven samples respectively, came out as follows:—

Shell spirit ·86 pence and ·086 gall.; Whitaker's, 1·00 pence, ·091 gall.; Carburine, 1·20 pence and ·092 gall.; Carless, 1·14 pence and ·095 gall.; Pratt's, ·96 pence and ·96 gall.; Bowley's ·97 pence and ·097 gall.; Motol, 1·85 pence and ·103 gall. In fairness to the last-named spirit, it must be mentioned that the difference in consumption is very small, but a considerably higher price was charged for it by the local dealer than for the others.

No Practising for the Gordon Bennett

With regard to the Auvergne Circuit, the Committee of the Automobile Club de France have promulgated a curious decree. The Circuit, which is, of course, this year's Gordon Bennett course, is to be closed to all racing cars on and after June 2. Not only this, but rumour says that the Government has the intention of practically preventing even touring cars from going over the course; the police in the district having orders to adopt severe measures to prevent motors of any size from exceeding the limit. The French eliminating trials are to be held on this same course, and, in preparation for this preliminary race, the competitors have practically lived on the course for the last few weeks. They know every stick and stone; the speed possibilities of each corner; where you can and where you can't "let her out." As the composition of our home team depends on the Isle of Man trials, no English competitors have as yet taken their cars over the Auvergne course. If the present decision to stop all practising after June 2 is persevered in, the Frenchmen will start with a big advantage. Let us hope that when the officials of the French Club appreciate how unfair this arrangement is, they may be sportsmanlike enough to reconsider the decree.

A Couple of Small Two-Seaters

The two racing cars pictured in this issue are running in the French eliminating trials. At the wheel of the C. G. V. sits M. Girardot, who is to drive this 100 h.-p. speed monster. Both magneto and accumulator ignition are provided, and the suspension of the engine is three point. A cardan shaft and bevel gear transmit the power to a live axle, specially designed to stand any amount of strain and shock. The other illustration shows one of the three cars which will represent Renault [illegible] the coming contest. At a speed of 1,300 revolutions per minute, the engine develops 90 h.-p., and such is the efficiency of this system of transmission, that most of it actually gets to the road wheels. Cast in pairs, the cylinders, for the sake of lightness, have copper water jackets, and are cooled by a large, horse-shoe shaped radiator. Hung unusually low, with the frame suspended below the axles, this car looks full worthy to sustain the firm's splendid reputation. To pick the winner of the trials is difficult, still I should like to back one of the Bellancourt racers for a place amongst the first three.

Those Daimlers Can Climb

During the past few weeks the Daimler cars have done by no means badly. On Saturday week, at the American Automobile Club Races at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, U.S.A., a 30 h.-p. Daimler was the winner of event

No. 1, and secured second place in event No. 4. In the Scottish Touring Trials, held last week, a 30 h.-p. Daimler made the fastest time up the celebrated Spittle-of-Clonshee Hill. On May 6, at the Cultra Hill Climb of the Royal North of Ireland Yacht Club, the Daimler car obtained first prize, while at the Hill-Climbing Competition of the Derby and District Automobile Club, the fastest time was made by Mr. F. A. Bolton on a 30 h.-p. Daimler, and the second fastest time by Mr. Looch on an 18 h.-p. Daimler. Caring but little for mere time racing, where reliability or efficiency has been regarded as a test, the Daimler Company seldom fails to score.

Give Way to a Coach and Four

The Highway Protection League is a society which, while it nominally exists to protect the rights of all road users, is really directed against motorists. Car owners therefore smiled a little when they read that Lord Willoughby de Broke, the Warwickshire President of the League, had been summoned for driving a coach and four to the common danger. While I dislike the League for endeavouring, by dubious methods, to prejudice motoring interests, yet I sympathise, in this case, with the driver of the four-in-hand. It was a question whether he or a cart should give way. Personally, I have always considered that pride of place belongs to the coach. Picturesque reminders of bygone days, those who drive cars or carriages should, in all circumstances, give way to them.

Fit Speed-Indicators

"I have driven motors for many years," writes a correspondent, "and noticing of late so many accidents, I am convinced, in my own mind, that many could be avoided if motorists were compelled to use a speed-indicator. Nothing is more deceiving than the speed you are travelling on a motor-car. It is a peculiar fact that, after travelling at a high-rate of speed, and then dropping down to a lower when approaching towns, villages, etc., the driver of a high-powered car appears to be going at a much slower rate than is in reality the case, and this, in my opinion, is the cause of a great number of the accidents. There is no doubt that motorists without a speed-indicator, very often proceed at a pace which they would not do if they actually knew the speed at which they were going, and should they be summoned by the police for exceeding the regulation speed, they would know whether the police were in perfect order in stopping them." Speed, of course, is comparative, and after travelling quickly, a sudden check makes slow speed seem very slow. During this season of police activity, remember this, and if you indulge in the luxury of a speed-indicator,

WATCH THE DIAL

Along Oatlands Drive, Weybridge.

Nearing Dover from London.

Along the tram lines from Hampton to Hampton Court.

Entering Hampton from Staines.

Descending the Farnham end of the Hog's Back.

Between Bracknell and Workingham, on the London to Reading road.

Approaching Ormskirk from Liverpool.

Entering Sherbourne village, Warwickshire, round Andover.

Along Cromwell Road and Holland Road (especially Sunday mornings).

From Lancaster Gate Tube Station up Bayswater Hill to Queen's Road.

Approaching Pain's Hill, Cobham, from the Ripley side. (Great care is necessary here, as the trap is moved about.)

Through Richmond Park (several stopped last Sunday).

A Correction

A mistake occurred in the last issue. The race in which Madame du Gast competed was the Paris-Madrid, not Paris-Vienna.

Alfred C. Hunter

Photo by *Topical Agency*

A 90 h.-p. racing Renault, a likely winner in the French eliminating trials

Renault Frères, the famous constructors of Bellancourt, have designed their racing cars this year with a view to the twisty, curving nature of the Auvergne circuit. The frame is underslung, and every effort has been made to keep the centre of gravity low down

Lawn-Tennis Notes

THE SURBITON TOURNAMENT

By H. S. SCRIVENER

[AT THE SURBITON TOURNAMENT, "THE BYSTANDER" UMPIRING COMPETITION FOR A MASS RACQUET PROVED A GREAT SUCCESS. WE ARE PRESENTING ANOTHER RACQUET AT CHISWICK PARK THIS WEEK FOR UMPIRING. WE HOPE TO PUBLISH PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WINNERS.]

The Opening of the Season

What is the right date for the opening of the lawn-tennis season? A comparison of the entries at Reading and Surbiton would seem to indicate that May 16 is just a little too early, and May 22 just early enough. Reading is one of the tournaments which have been squeezed out of their allotted places by the postponement of the Championship Meeting at Wimbledon to a week later than its accustomed date, and therefore Reading's removal to the first place on the English fixture list was not so much an experiment as a necessary alteration, for it is a little difficult to see where else it could have been put without clashing with some other contiguous, or fairly contiguous, meeting. And yet, although the move seems hardly to have been a successful one from the point of view of securing a strong entry of men, there was quite a good muster of lady players, several of whose matches were specially interesting. One of those results which makes a handicapper inclined to say unspeakable things occurred when Miss Paterson beat Miss Pinckney in the principal event, for, if the two had met in the handicap, Miss Pinckney would have had to owe Miss Paterson half-thirty. Miss Paterson modestly avowed that Miss Pinckney was playing about as badly as she could. Without going so far as this, it must be admitted that she seemed to be short of practice; but, on the other hand, Miss Paterson was playing extremely well, and the fact that she subsequently gained a set from Miss Wilson shows that her defeat of Miss Pinckney was by no means a pure fluke. She also ran Miss Morton very close at Surbiton last week. Another player who has started the season well is Miss Tulloch, whose play had been deteriorating for several seasons past. But there are signs this year that the knack of bringing off that swinging forehand drive of her's (which is all the more deadly owing to her being left-handed) is coming back to her. She only just succumbed to Miss H. Lane, after two very close sets, and maintained this form at Surbiton last week by beating Miss Stawell Brown in a still closer and more protracted match.

Photo by *E. E. White*

S. H. Smith pressed on his back hand

Smith defeated E. R. Allen in the Final of the Open Singles at Surbiton

N. B. Ramsay, Champion of Shanghai

Who has been playing at Reading and Surbiton

The Casualty List

After beating Miss Tulloch at Reading, Miss Lane, who won the Ladies' Cup there last year, sprained her ankle badly, and had to scratch in everything. She expects, however, to be able to start playing again next week at Beckenham. I observe that the *Sportsman* of May 24 says that the feature of the second afternoon's play at Surbiton was the excellent form shown by Miss Lane, amongst others. Miss Lane was certainly there, but only as a spectator, and the "excellent form" must, therefore, mean the agility with which, in spite of her sprained ankle, she

Distinguished Visitors at Reading and Surbiton

"hopped around" with the aid of a stout walking-stick. This reminds me that Miss Douglass is still *hors de combat* owing to the injury to her wrist sustained at the Monte Carlo tournament, and it is even feared that she may have to let the Championship at Wimbledon go undefended. Her absence would be most regrettable, for, since on last year's form she is undoubtedly our best lady player, it would have the effect of making the Championship somewhat inconclusive. While on the subject of casualties, I may mention that the game has recently lost an unobtrusive, but willing supporter. The old horse who has drawn the mowing machine and the heavy roller at Wimbledon for nearly twenty years past, and whose age was thirty-two, has, at last, had to be shot.

Miss C. M. Wilson

Who won the Ladies' Open Singles at Surbiton

Distinguished Visitors

N. B. Ramsay, the Champion of Shanghai, was playing both at Reading and Surbiton. At Reading, he was obviously hampered by the difference in the climate and conditions from what he had been accustomed to, but every day brought some improvement in his form, and, by the middle of the Surbiton week, he was playing quite a good game—too good for the handicap of fifteen to which I somewhat kindly treated him. He is a left-handed player with a puzzling service, a number of effective strokes, and (as far as I could see) only a few weak ones. I am told that he is also a bridge player of almost demoniacal ability. Another foreign potentate, H. A. Kitson, the Champion of South Africa, who only arrived in England on the 20th, entered for Surbiton, and was present on the opening day, but found himself unable to attend throughout the week, and accordingly scratched.

An Old Hand to the Fore Again

A great many people seem to have run away with the impression that the winner of the Men's Singles at Reading was W. C. Crawley, the captain of last year's Oxford team, to whom I referred a short time back as one of the few coming men, and whose loss for the time being—owing to his having decided to go in for a course of study abroad—I deplored. As a matter of fact, the new Berkshire Champion is the Rev. A. E. Crawley, an elder brother of the young Oxonian, and one who belongs quite to the older generation of players, for he was in his last year at Cambridge (1891) when the Allens were Freshmen. He played lawn tennis at the 'Varsity, but did not get his Blue, and it was not until after he had gone down that he did anything conspicuous, his most notable achievement being a victory over the redoubtable William Renshaw at Buxton, which caused no end of a sensation at the time.

A Change of Style

Of late years, though keeping up his practice, he has been seen comparatively little in public; but this year he has already played in three open meetings—the Covered Court Championships, Reading, and Surbiton—and has done something good at each of them. Formerly, he was a hard, and somewhat erratic, driver, but of late he seems to have entered upon his "second manner," of which the keynote is accuracy, and his game at Surbiton, with R. J. McNair, himslef a "sticker" of no mean order, was a very pretty exhibition of stonewalling. Crawley won, and from what I saw of the battle, I am not prepared to deny (though I may, perhaps, doubt) his assertion, that of the balls which he was fairly able to reach, he only hit one out of court during the whole match. It is reported that McNair, disgusted at being beaten at his own game, is going to cultivate the Smith drive.

H. S. Scrivener.

Qa Kamba Team, Johannesburg, winners of the Transvaal Inte -Club Championship

H. A. Kitson, centre-front, is Sing'es' Champion of the Transvaal and Natal, and is playing at the Chiswick Park Tournament this week, together with Hunk, sea'ed next to him. Kitson is Doubles' Champion of the Transvaal. Hathorn, one of the team, was one of the S.A. cricket team which visited England last year

American Lady Golfers in England

International, as well as national, to a marked degree, was the Ladies' Golf Union's Championship, on the Cromer Links. Last year, America was represented by Miss Higgins. She was a non-entrant this year; but, in her place, came eight players from the United States. Most celebrated of them, was Miss Georgiana Bishop, of Brooklawn, America's present Lady Champion. She drives a long ball from the tee, has great power of recovery from bunker troubles, and is as capable as most players in holing putts on tricky greens. On Thursday, the 25th inst., she showed plenty of perseverance by playing a fine uphill game against the English Lady Champion, Miss Lottie Dod, after the latter had established a lead of three holes, at the turn. With that big advantage, Miss Dod looked like winning, but Miss Bishop managed to draw level, and effect a tie, on the eighteenth green. This meant playing an extra hole. There another tie resulted, and it was not until twenty holes had been played that Miss Bishop was declared the winner. Thus, America beat the British contingent in an individual contest at the first time of asking on English soil, though, collectively, the British beat the American ladies (consisting of the before-mentioned Miss Bishop, Miss M. Curtis, Miss M. B. Adams, Miss H. Curtis, Miss Lockwood, Miss Griscom, and Mrs. J. T. Martin) by six points to one.

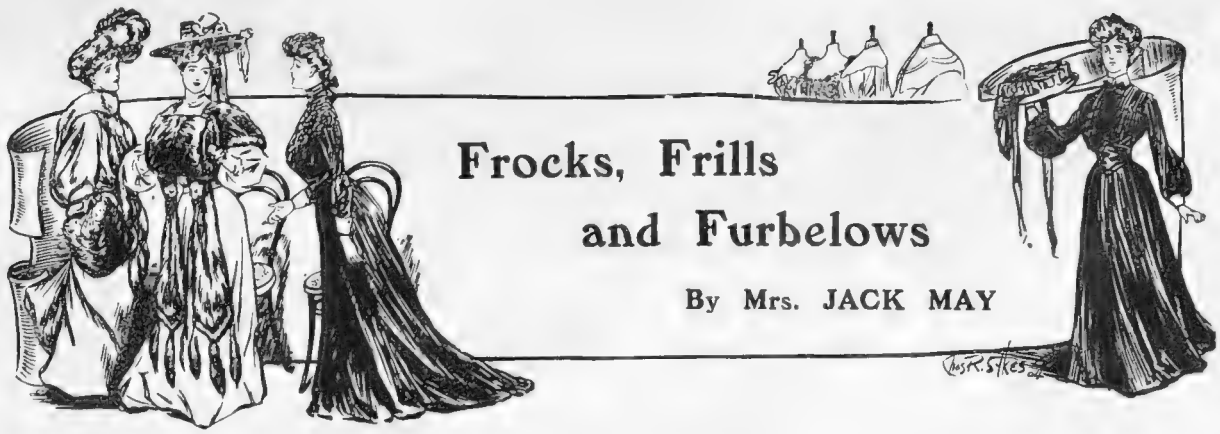
Miss G. Bishop,
Lady Golf Champion of America, who is playing in the Championship at Cromer

Mrs. Samuel Bettle, who chaperones the American party, was naturally delighted with Miss Bishop's success.

Miss Bishop, American Champion Miss Griscom

Photo by Miss H. Curtis Mrs. Bettle (centre of group) Miss M. Curtis *Edis*

The American Team of Lady Golfers who came over to play in the International Match at Cromer



Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The world is going very well indeed. In fact, it is the best of possible worlds, viewed from my special standpoint of dress; Ambrosine and I being of humble opinion that the conspicuously ill-dressed woman is the exception, this season, rather than the rule.

We have been taking observation, too, from widely different sources: the Opera, on the one hand, providing us with extravagantly exclusive matter, while the Naval Exhibition has afforded us a view of the more exhaustive middle-class. And the latter appears to us to have risen quite astonishingly to the occasion, the over-hatted, *décolleté* apparition being quite conspicuously absent. We waited in vain for her appearance, but such remnants as remain, scarcely amount to the value of a hay seed, while her substitute is a neat, trim, smartly turned-out creature, with a penchant for navy serge or cloth; a little too prone, perhaps, to run to a plethora of white cambric sleeve ruffles. Ambrosine, however, condemns even this slight cavil, and is disposed to grow hysterically enthusiastic over the improved appearance of this average girl, who certainly compares to-day most favourably with her much-applauded French sister; a fact I am personally very proud to proclaim, through a source, moreover, that is daily gathering unto itself respect for candid speaking and courageous views—not that our little blast is peculiarly courageous—and it is, at the same time, so perfectly obvious, we do not apprehend for a moment being harassed by a letter controversy.

The Manufacturers, Bless Them!

In my time, I have written and expressed certain sentiments not quite complimentary to the mercantile fraternity, but if it be any excuse, I may say it was always of manufacturers in general than of any one in particular, that I wrote. Whereas, now, I am at a strange and unaccustomed loss of words to express the admiration I feel for the extraordinarily pretty and good-looking fabrics they have contrived to produce, at equally extraordinarily low prices. The cotton voiles alone deserve a chapter of applause. In fact, we have been seriously debating, Ambrosine and I, whether it is necessary to indulge in any other than a relay of these dainty dresses, planned to wear over an amiably adjustable silk slip.

At quite representative establishments, a parade is being made of voiles at eightpence to one shilling a yard, and really each one seems more desirable than the last. Just at first, I must confess I felt a little sceptical as to whether these could in truth be all they seemed; I feared for a moment some lurking defect, but there is nothing, absolutely nothing, to prevent a cotton voile from filling a position hitherto occupied by materials, at treble the price, provided it be artistically handled.

I like especially the tiny checks, with small, worked spots; these in dark blue, mauve, rose and grey, and white, serving equally the ends of blouses and gowns.

Then another wondrously cheap material is blanketing cloth, for the useful driving or motor wrap, or rough-and-ready suit. As its name implies, this is a white, or rather cream, production, and in its most exalted stages, boasts a fine line check, such as one sees in tablecloths and dusters. And the commencing price of this is only 1*s.* 10½*d.*, while the weight renders a lining merely an ornamental superfluity. Now, there is a hint for the owners of limited allowances, and here is a further gratuitous suggestion for the fashioning of a smart, full-length coat. The fronts loose and double breasted, and back fitted to the figure by a group of perpendicular tucks at the waist, graduated in height to simulate a corselet effect—*et voila!*

Seen at the Opera

Next to motoring, grand opera is quite the pursuit of the moment. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I decided long ago not to affect a pose in this direction, so can face the lighter events without loss of dignity, and confess, without a blush, that the "Ring" would utterly have annihilated me. But the opera, as the rendezvous of Society, is assuredly to be cultivated; the coiffures and the cloaks alone render a visit there a desirable interlude. And the cloaks this season are positively superb.

Capuchins of lace are quite a feature, and these are frequently seen tossed lightly over the head, while my lady negotiates draughty passages, or waits in the portico for her carriage. An exquisite wrap, rather shawl shape and without sleeves, was fashioned of horizontal *bouillonnées* of rose-petal pink Liberty satin, alternating with lines of Brussels *appliqué* lace the same width, the shoulder enveloped in a soft falling lace capuchin.

Failing lace, chiffon is used in abundance, either inside or out, and frequently both. Some long, loose

A fashionable tulle and chiffon boa, as sold by Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove

(Sketched by K. Peydel Young)

sacques of chameleon silk are especially charming, with great sleeves of chiffon, one shade veiling another, to work into the colour scheme of the silk. A sunset study, in tones of mauve and pink, and gleams of yellow, carried a rich raised embroidery of silver tinsel above the shoulders, while another was a

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The red line on Pianola music-rolls represents the interpretations of the authorities who have specially marked them, and by simply following this line with the Metrostyle pointer the renderings of Grieg, or Strauss, or Bauer, or Paderewski, or Chaminade, etc., are reproduced by the Pianola owner. Yet no restraint is put upon individual interpretation.

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dream of plum-coloured chiffon, lined with a painted mousseline, and trimmed with light draperies of old-world lace. There is a greater note of distinction, however, just now, in a voluminous cloak without sleeves, than in a coat, and these cloaks have the further advantage of being cooler.

An Accessory That Can Do No Wrong

I have talked so exhaustively on the subject of the tulle and chiffon boa, realising its large importance, that there is literally nothing more to be said in respect of the example sketched by Miss Pleydel Young, other than that at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove the selection is exceptionally choice, and the colours beautiful past all describing. Though some of us are asking whether these boas, worn as *La Mode* decrees, are not, perhaps, the forerunners of the large Elizabethan ruffle. One reflects, and not quite comfortably, that the ruffle and the hoop—crinoline—were contemporaneous.

The Temptation of the Taffeta Coat

If you would really know just the right styles in these tempting coats, you must go to Messrs. Dickins and Jones, Oxford Street. They have acquired quite a remarkable choice, and are adding to it daily, for the powers that lead there have the acumen to buy warily, additionally to which they provide exclusive models, emanating from their own workrooms, and frequently more desirable than a costly French model, the actual exclusiveness of which it is impossible to vouch.

Messrs. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street

There is always a more or less exhaustive choice here, as most people are aware, but added to that, there is displayed this year a quite exceptional knowledge of the needs of the immediate moment.

Now, this is eminently a need of the hour, since it is a wrap that serves equally for day or evening wear. It can be had in face cloth, in any of the prevailing delicate tints, and also in black, the silk cluny lace, inset so effectively, harmonising in every instance, and revealing the presence of a *doublure* of white merv. About the neck, and on the cuffs, lines of narrow, tubular, silk braid effect a dainty finish, and £4 18*s.* 6*d.* only is the price of this most representative wrap. While for a pound less, there is a similar fancy, minus the lining, and trimmed with broad, white Russian braid.

Considering the matter of these easy sacque wraps, it seems impossible to picture a summer outfit complete which lacks the assistance of one or the other, while to those perforce obliged to practise economy, they come as a veritable boon, meeting, as they do, so many ends. And at Peter Robinson's, such affairs are all made in the firm's own factory, and are, consequently, exquisitely fresh, and beautifully finished. A marvel of cheapness also, that must be seen, perhaps, to be believed, is a linen coat, suitable to river and country wear, in white or colours, with smart contrasting facings, price 25*s.* 6*d.* With the prevailing rage for linen, it is a genuine surprise to find such an extraordinary bargain, and one so really desirable, with all the freshness of feeling usually only found in a creation of appreciable price. But, throughout this most estimable establishment, the same spirit of enterprise prevails, and accounts for the catholic community which keep up a constant *va-et-vient* all day long.

The Menu for a Little Dinner

Asparagus Soup
Filets de Soles à la Provençale
Sauté Kidneys
Fore-quarter of Lamb Salad
Roast Duckling Green Peas
Gooseberry Fool Sponge Fingers
Dessert Coffee

ASPARAGUS SOUP

Wash twenty-four heads of asparagus. Cut in inch lengths, and boil in one quart of water until tender.. Put by the heads. Rub the rest through a sieve, and return to the water in which they were boiled. Heat one pint of milk, and thicken it with 1 oz. of butter and 1 oz. of flour smoothly mixed. Cook for ten minutes, stirring frequently. Season with salt and pepper, add the asparagus. Bring to the boil, and add a little cream and the heads of the asparagus just before serving.

FILETS DE SOLES À LA PROVENÇALE

Skin two large soles, and carefully remove the fillets, season them with salt and pepper, sprinkle over with lemon juice, and fold each fillet in half. Dip them carefully into seasoned flour, and fry in a quarter of a gill of olive oil, which has been previously heated in a sauté pan. Take up the fillets, drain them, and dish up. Have one gill of rich brown sauce ready, well heated. Mix some anchovy butter with a teaspoonful of Lemco, and whisk this carefully into the sauce. Add twelve stoned French olives, and let them get hot in the sauce. Pour this over the fillets, arranging the olives on each side of the dish, and serve.

SAUTÉ KIDNEYS

Take four sheeps' kidneys, skin and split them. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a frying-pan and make very hot. Fry the kidneys a rich brown, drain off the fat, add quarter of a pint of Italienne Sauce, a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, and make very hot. Put the kidneys on rounds of toast, pour the sauce round, and serve.

N.B.—The Italienne Sauce can be bought at Cosenza and Company, 95, Wigmore Street, and is 1*s.* 3*d.* a bottle; it is an excellent foundation sauce, and most useful in preparing and flavouring various dishes.

GOOSEBERRY FOOL

Put a quart of gooseberries into one pint of water and one teacupful of moist sugar. When they begin to turn yellow and swell, drain the water from them, and pulp through a sieve with a wooden spoon. Put the milk into a stewpan with the beaten yolks of the eggs. Stir it over the fire till it begins to simmer, then take it off and mix it gradually with the gooseberry pulp. Let it stand till cold, then put it into custard glasses, or into a glass dish, cover it with ratafias and the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth with castor sugar.

N.B.—Unintentionally I omitted, the week before last, to give the address of John Burgess and Company, whose potted meats and pastes I particularly wished to bring before my readers. It is the old-established shop in the Strand—Number 107.

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The Connoisseur

OLD SUN-DIALS

It now seems likely that we have a season when the cult of the antique sun-dial will be elevated into utilitarian affairs. For some years, these often decorative and sometimes historical reminders of time and times that have flown, have fetched big prices in the marts; we mentioned not long ago the one that belonged, once upon a time, to Daniel Defoe, and brought no end of guineas at auction. To an old-fashioned garden they lend a pleasant air of repose, well in tune with the scented luxury of the herbaceous bed, and the adventurous beauty of the crimson rambler.

Mr. Dobson's Song

Of the sun-dial, as of many graceful eighteenth-century fashions, Mr. Austin Dobson has charmingly sung:—

And round about its gray, time-eaten brow
Lean letters speak—a worn and shattered row:
I am a Shade: a Shadowe too arte thou:
I marke the Time; saye, Gossip, dost thou soe?

There would the ringdoves linger, head to head;
And here the snail a silver course would run,
Beating old Time; and here the peacock spread
His gold-green glory, shutting out the sun.

An old Italian sun-dial with pedestal of Red Verona marble

And then, woven round it, one of his tiny, vivid romances, in which tears and laughter, victory, defeat, and the mystery of humanity, lie compact and beautiful as a carven antique cameo. Indeed, it is the charming sentiment that lingers about the old sun-dials that makes them now so welcome an adjunct of the garden, and so greatly sought by all collectors.

Old Sun-dials at Messrs. Charles

The most successful people in bringing together examples of this old art is the house of Messrs. Charles, in Brook Street, from whose exhibition we have borrowed the examples on this page. The carved stone pedestal shown in the third illustration is of a Renascence style that is now greatly sought after, while the figure in the second illustration, of a more or less Bacchic boy, with vine leaves, is very typical of one phase of eighteenth-century work, and when seen in its proper environment of flower bed and lawn, will be found very effective and pleasant. The severer qualities of the first illustration can, however, be more easily adjusted to surroundings, and is, therefore, a design which although by no means general, is found in old Italian gardens. The vast variety of workmanship expended on the sun-dial can only be gathered by seeing such a collection as Messrs. Charles have brought together in their galleries. There, although the decorative result of these crowds of old garden ornaments and gods is very pleasant, it is easy to imagine how much more romantic and picturesque they would look—

. . . where your garden fenced about and still is,
There, where the unmoved summer air is sweet
With mixed delight of lavender and lilies—

In the bright sunshine or dappled shade of the rose garden or orchard close.

E. M.

Example of figure supporting sun-dial in 18th century style

Sun-dial with carved stone pedestal of Renascence style

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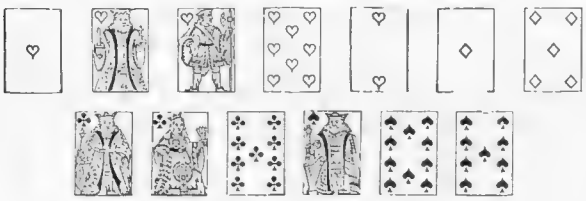
QUARTERLY COMPETITION—£10 10s. IN CASH to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of marks in the Thirteen Weekly Competitions.

Tenth Weekly Competition

WHAT DO YOU DO AS DEALER, AND WHY?

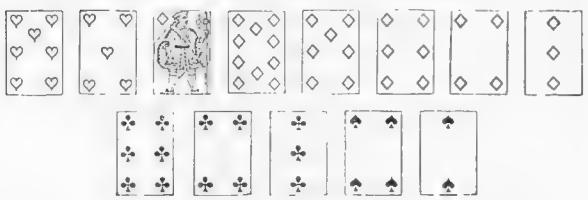
PROBLEM XXVIII.

Score. First Game: Love-all.



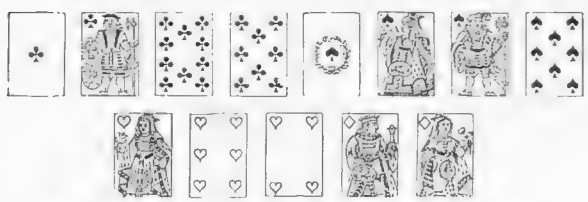
PROBLEM XXIX.

Game All: Dealer, Love; Adversaries, 8.



PROBLEM XXX

First Game: Dealer, Love; Adversaries, 16



Unless otherwise specified, it is the first game of the rubber.

What You Have to Do

1. Herewith, three problems are set. You have to answer them. Thus, with Problem XXVIII., if you think the right answer is "No Trumps," take half a sheet of notepaper and write the words "No Trumps." After that, you say, in as few words as possible, your reason for the declaration.

2. Having answered the three problems—with the reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly.

3. Give your solutions of the tenth week's problems set here, as already explained; then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines on the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and stick this token on the top of your solutions. The solutions of the competition given herewith must reach the office not later than the first post on Monday, June 5, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked at top of left side of envelope, "Competition."

NOTE.—*Competitors abroad, whose solutions reach us a reasonable time after the specified date, will nevertheless receive marks, and be eligible for prizes, should they gain them.*

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTIONS

EIGHTH WEEK—PROBLEMS XXII.-XXIV.

The FIRST PRIZE, Two Guineas, is awarded to:

Mrs. Ganssen, Howlands, Hatfield.

The 2nd and 3rd PRIZES, consisting of BYSTANDER Bridge Cases, are awarded to:

R. Milner-White, Esq., Moretons, Harrow.

J. D. Wyley, Esq., Bridgnorth.

QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The following are the marks gained by Competitors for solving Problems XXII. to XXIV. in our Quarterly Competition:—

15, Ap Twm, Kirkland I.; 14, Blue, L.S.D., Tanqueray; 13, Badger, Bognor, Kafrikourie, Moth, Mugwump, Toil, Watadam; 12, Awapuni, Bijou, Blockhead, C.A.M., Cumtux, Eblow, Essem, Mad; 11, Fantôme, Ina I., Lilian, Purley, Special Scotch; 10, Alexander, Ambeg, Bryanston, Captain Cuttle, Diana, Electricity, Haigh, Haulfan, Hockey, Horatio, Kirkland II., Lance Fieldoak, Lazarus, Luppy, P.M.S., Puffin Boy, Simplex, Tylhus, Wantacas, White Cat, Willimoteswick; 9, Bridge of Sighs, Dogger, Inga, Mucross, Norland, Noxious, Overbury, Quotidian, Royal, Swansfield; 8, Brown Cat, Croft, Fen, Frideley, Joker, Mammon, Mendij Lodge, P. C. W., Tic-Tac; 7, Albert, Casey, Gamndin, Ina II., Oltonia, Raniput; 6, Ernst, Not 'Arf, Pelaw, Pellon, Primrose, Pul, Simplicity, Spolnud; 5, Arms, Calcutta, Cave Canem Chlorodyne, Darkie, Edwyn, Essendine, Jan, Miles, Peter Queen's, Ray, Sackbut, Scrutator, Soberton, Student, Viking Westoe, Woodbridge, Zyp; 4, Bay, Bulbs, Chippie, Crown Grosvenor, Strategy, Zif II.; 3, Pons, Waverley.

The following Solutions of the Seventh Competition wei delayed in post:—13, Trudder; Crescit Cundo.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS XXII., XXIII., XXIV.

PROBLEM XXII.—Leave it. It would be a great relief from anxiety to go spades, and be done with it. But it is hardly justifiable with so many knaves and a queen in your hand. You may, of course, get a light red call from your partner, and again, of course, you may not; you may get a strong red call, or a strong no-trumper.

PROBLEM XXIII.—Hearts. There is something of a temptation to leave it to your partner; but what will he give you? Hardly a red suit. You can only leave it in the single hope of getting a no-trumper. You are much more likely to get a black call, which will not improbably be doubled. Your adversaries have a long lead; and hearts is probably the best defensive as well as the best offensive declaration.

PROBLEM XXIV.—No-trumps. It is a question whether it is easier to get three tricks in clubs, or the odd trick in no-trumps. The rubber is far advanced; and though a club call is very safe, your adversaries only need a couple of tricks in a red suit call to go out next hand. It is better to play the bold game, and go for the odd in no-trumps than for the more doubtful three tricks in clubs.

We have allotted the following *noms de guerre*:—L. L., "Trudder"; C. S. F., "Frideley"; C. J. K. S., "Crown"; Miss D., "Harefan"; Miss D. C., "Edwyn"; R. L. R., "Royal"; H. L. A., "Essendine"; J. B. B., "Westoe"; E. J., "Soberton"; M. Mc G., "Albert"; M. de C. D., "Haigh."

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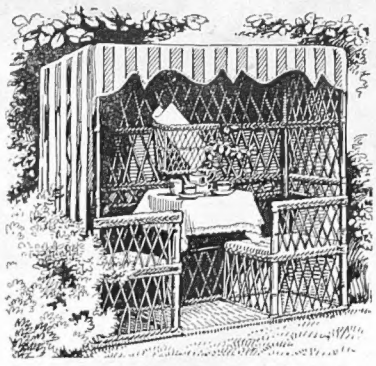

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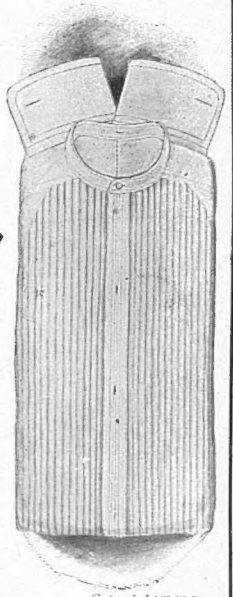

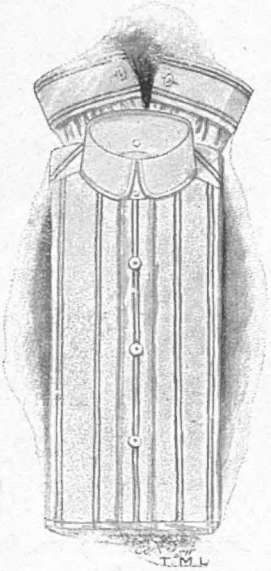

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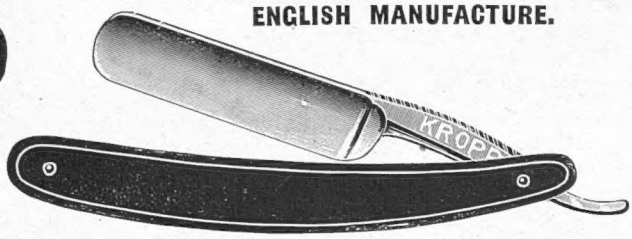

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A Woman's Note Book

I was reading the other day, in a contemporary, a discourse upon the "Inaccurate Tongue," the tongue in question belonging to womankind. People are always trying to solve this problem, as to why men are more truthful than women; but it seems to me that there is every reason for it, and that we should be clever if we could find a single circumstance which favours inaccuracy in man rather than in woman. To begin with, Nature has implanted a passion for talking in her daughters; and if a woman *must* talk, and yet has nothing to say—and often those who have least to say talk the most—in her zeal for speech, she necessarily makes statements that are false or mistaken. Again, a man's training teaches him to be exact and logical; women are careless, they do not listen, or they forget, but they cannot resist *repeating*. I do not mean that men are never gossips, because I think they very often are, and their words do more harm, because they fall with greater weight than their sister's frivolous chatterings; but, at least, they usually make some attempt to verify statements before they repeat them; nor are they led away by the common feminine delusion, that every tale about anyone whom they personally dislike must necessarily be true. There is another weakness which is conducive to inaccuracy—the love of telling a good story, or capping someone else's tale—and this is found in men and women alike. Indeed, when a man has such a disposition, he carries it to greater lengths; but that he is not so often a culprit is proved by the fact that, when he is, he is regarded as a curiosity, and usually disliked or avoided. No one thinks of being surprised, much less of running away from inaccuracy in woman, for this is a frequent, and has come to be classed as an exclusively feminine, fault.

Photo by *Topical Agency*

Miss Annette Kellerman

A famous Australian lady swimmer and high diver, who is now in England challenging our English exponents. The Australian Press has sung her praise in chorus, one writer concluding his eulogy with the bizarre tribute: "No wet, brown girl that I have ever before seen impressed me so much"

Gossip and Idleness

One great reason for this weakness is that women have so much more time on their hands than men; given by nature the tendency, circumstances offer them every opportunity of indulging in it. As a matter of fact, gossip has become less common of late years, since women have had more to do; and it is among the idle, useless section of the community that it is still to be found flourishing; old maiden ladies with few cares or interests and girls without any special bent, who either cannot, or do not, get married, are now the chief offenders in the way of the inaccurate tongue. As to the former, they must surely be regarded as hopeless cases, having lived upon gossip till their characters are no longer flexible, and they are too old either to change their habits or acquire new ones; but, for the latter, there is an alternative: they can—and, fortunately, they generally *do*—play games. Whatever faults have lately, falsely or truly, been attributed to the athletic girl, at least it must be admitted that in her healthy, open-air life she is more attractive than if she sat over the fire with a little useless fancy-work, tearing her neighbours' characters to shreds.

Inaccurate Tongues

It has often been complained, and with much truth, that Englishwomen do not take an interest in social and political topics, nor keep themselves up in questions of the day, like their American sisters. Now here is another reason for the inaccurate tongue. Our women have no interests except such as are personal, and circumstances do not grant to all women personal interests sufficiently engrossing to take up their whole thought. Of course, when I say this, I do not mean absolutely; but, relatively to some of the other nations, Englishwomen are practically uninterested in public life There are many brilliant exceptions—but they *are* exceptions; and naturally this negative feature is shown much less strongly in London and the big towns. But go to the country, to the dull provincial places—such a town as George Eliot has depicted with such faithfulness in "Middlemarch"—and mix there with what is known as the best society, the daughters, wives, and sisters of professional men. In these centres there is, among the women, an infamous entertainment. It is called the "tea-party," and at the tea-party the inaccurate tongue flows on in uninterrupted light. The women are profoundly ignorant on all social questions; they rarely look at a newspaper, except to find the weather forecast; they know nothing of art, little of music, or the drama; yet they talk continuously—of their servants' delinquencies, the cost of their neighbours' clothes, and the faults they see so clearly in their friends. Half of these people are very nice in other ways; some of them are most unselfish, they would do anything for you—except speak of you charitably and truthfully. The question is: Can the "inaccurate tongue" be cured? Undoubtedly, by wider interests and more work, it can be partially restrained; but can its wicked little mischief-making utterances be persuaded to cease for ever? Who shall answer this question? Man would say promptly, "Not so long as woman remains upon earth"; but I give no opinion: far be it for a woman to agree (out loud) to such a treacherous statement.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

G.N.R. Arrangements for Whitsuntide

The Great Northern Railway announce the special facilities which they have arranged for travellers to the North during the Whitsuntide Holidays. On Friday, June 9, for eight and seventeen days respectively, express excursions will be run to North-Eastern stations and to Scotland. On Friday, June 9, special trains will be run to the Midlands, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire. On Saturday, June 10, cheap express excursions for three, six, and eight days will be run to Norfolk district, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and North-Eastern districts. On Whit-Monday, June 12, cheap excursions will run to Grantham and Nottingham.

Cheap Excursions to the North for Whitsuntide

We notice that an A.B.C. programme, issued by the Great Central Railway Company, contains ample and admirable facilities for those desirous of spending the holiday at places reached by their picturesque and comfortable route. Excursions are announced from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan stations to all the principal towns in the Midlands, North of England, North-East and North-West Coast watering-places and Scotland. Special fast trains will leave Marylebone at 12.5 midnight on Friday and Saturday, June 9 and 10, and several additional expresses will be run at convenient times on Saturday, June 10. The information has been concisely tabulated in the form of an A.B.C. programme, giving the times of starting, fares, dates, and times of return, etc., for any stations (alphabetically arranged), which can be seen at a glance. Copies of this guide can be obtained free at Marylebone Station, or at any of the Company's town offices and agencies.

Cleethorpes Pier

Phœnix-like, there has arisen on the Cleethorpes Pier, owned by the Great Central Railway Co., a very handsome new concert and dancing pavilion, in place of the old one destroyed by fire. The new structure is to be opened on the Saturday before Whitsuntide, and to mark the special occasion, a remarkably strong array of musical talent has been engaged by the Company. Almost needless to say, excursions will be run from all parts at cheap fares, and it is anticipated that Cleethorpes will enjoy a record number of visitors.

"Britain's Best Bicycle"

A year or so back we were threatened with an invasion of American bicycles. Indeed, a few things looking like bicycles did reach these shores, and some were bought by long-since repentant Britons. Smart and dowdy to the outward eye, as most things American are, after a few months' wear, these soon showed evidences of their hasty construction. Their great recommendation was their cheapness. They could be bought for five or six pounds apiece. Since that time, however, there has been a revolution in the English cycle trade. Owing to great installations of plant and enlargement of their works, Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth, the makers of "Britain's Best Bicycle," have been able to meet the public demand in the matter of cheapness with an English bicycle, which, three or four years ago, would have been impossible at the price. Built of the best material, on a neat, weight-saving model, the new Rudge-Whitworth, especially the type known as the "Standard," and sold at £6 15*s.* 0*d.*, is a wonderful machine. It would well pay anybody, in the matter of satisfaction, to write to the makers, at their London branch on Holborn Viaduct, or to their works at Coventry, for a descriptive pamphlet. This little booklet contains information of all the various models made by Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth this year, at prices ranging up to over £20. This is sent gratis, with pleasure, on the receipt of a postcard.

Mark Twain and the Typewriter

Mark Twain was one of the early users of the typewriter. Few who have enjoyed "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" know that it was the first book for which the manuscript was typewritten. This was in 1874. In those days, the typewriter was a curiosity, and so was its owner—so much so that Mr. Clemens, in a letter written to the Remingtons in 1875, called the machine "this curiosity-breeding little joker." Nowadays, says Mark Twain, it's the other way about—the people who haven't one are the curiosities.

A Word About Icilma

In these progressive days, science has improved many conditions, and has been successful so long as natural laws have been followed, but has always failed when natural laws have been misunderstood or outraged. Amongst Nature's laws that touch more nearly our every-day life, there are none that concern mankind more than those which govern the health, and womankind than those which govern the skin. Try as she will, woman's skin cannot stand artificial washes, creams, unguents, or powders; a few years of their use will make the skin dead and faded. How then to counteract the effects of weather, late hours, sun, cold, smoke, or fog? Nature has given a remedy, a natural mineral water called Icilma, that has a distinct vitalising action on the skin. This water penetrates into the pores, cleanses them, corrects the acids of the skin circulation, and stimulates it to do the work that Nature intended it to do. Icilma Fluor Cream possesses the same properties, and as it contains no grease, its cleansing virtues, whilst keeping in check the growth of superfluous hair, give a lovely clear and cool skin.

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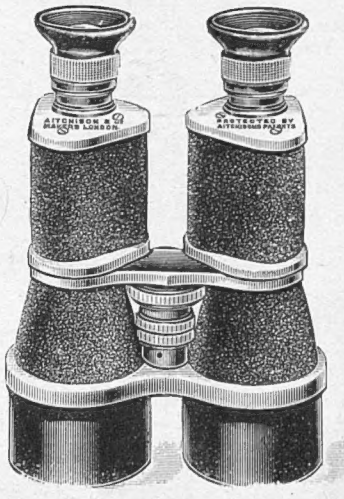

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